

THE LIVING AGE.

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A MEMORIAL.

M. A. C.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Oh, thicker, deeper, darker growing,
 The solemn vista to the tomb
 Must know, henceforth another shadow,
 And give another cypress room.

In love surpassing that of brothers,
 We walked, O friend, from childhood's day;
 And looking back o'er fifty summers,
 Our foot-prints track a common way.

One in our faith, and one our longing
 To make the world within our reach
 Somewhat the better for our living,
 And gladder for our human speech.

Thou heardest with me the far-off voices,
 The old beguiling song of fame,
 But life to thee was warm and present,
 And love was better than a name.

To homely joys and loves and friendships
 Thy genial nature fondly clung;
 And so the shadow on the dial
 Ran back and left thee always young.

And who could blame the generous weakness
 Which, only to thyself unjust,
 So overprized the worth of others,
 And dwarfed thy own with self-distrust?

All hearts grew warmer in the presence
 Of one who, seeking not his own,
 Gave freely for the love of giving,
 Nor reaped for self the harvest sown.

Thy greeting smile was pledge and prelude
 Of generous deeds and kindly words;
 In thy large heart were fair guest-chambers,
 Open to sunrise and the birds!

The task was thine to mould and fashion
 Life's plastic newness into grace;
 To make the boyish heart heroic,
 And light with thought the maiden's face.

O'er all the land, in town and prairie,
 With bended heads of mourning, stand
 The living forms that owe their beauty
 And fitness to thy shaping hand.

Thy call has come in ripened manhood,
 The noonday calm of heart and mind,
 While I, who dreamed of thy remaining
 To mourn me, linger still behind:

Live on, to own, with self-upbraiding,
 A debt of love still due from me,—
 The vain remembrance of occasions,
 For ever lost, of serving thee.

It was not mine among thy kindred
 To join the silent funeral prayers,
 But all that long sad day of summer
 My tears of mourning dropped with theirs.

All day the sea-waves sobbed with sorrow,
 The birds forgot their merry trills,

All day I heard the pines lamenting
 With thine upon thy homestead hills.

Green be those hillside pines for ever,
 And green the meadowy lowlands be,
 And green the old memorial beeches,
 Name-carven in the woods of Lee!

Still let them greet thy life companions
 Who thither turn their pilgrim feet,
 In every mossy line recalling
 A tender memory sadly sweet.

O friend! if thought and sense avail not
 To know thee henceforth as thou art.
 That all is well with thee forever
 I trust the instincts of my heart.

Thine be the quiet habitations,
 Thine the green pastures, blossom soon,
 And smiles of saintly recognition
 As sweet and tender as thy own.

Thou com'st not from the hush and shadow
 To meet us, but to thee we come;
 With thee we never can be strangers,
 And where thou art must still be home!
 —Independent.

ALL THREE.

We loved them so!
 Yet when our country, with a thrill of pain,
 Called on her sons to rid her of the shame
 That burned and throbbed through every tor-
 tured vein,
 We bade them go.

We sent all three:
 The eldest born, with calm and holy face;
 The dark-haired one, just entering on life's race;
 The youngest, with such boyish freaks and grace;
 Ah, me! ah, me!

Oh! with what thrill
 We saw them leave us, for we could not know,
 In the drear future, though we loved them so,
 What dreadful depths of anguish they might
 know —

O heart, be still!

O War! O War!
 Will there a time come when we need not weep,
 Or for our dear ones lonely vigils keep,
 Or with salt tears our sleepless pillows steep,
 Hearts aching sore?

O Peace! O Peace!
 Spread thy blessed mantle o'er our weeping land.
 Help us, O God, with thy Almighty hand.
 Humbled and guilty in thy sight we stand.
 Bid discord cease.

Through dreary day
 There often comes a glorious light to me —
 With eye of faith uplooking, Lord, to thee,
 Unyoked necks and peaceful lands I see,
 Not far away.

—Anti-Slavery Standard.
 Norristown, Pa.

From The National Review.

THE ART OF TRAVEL IN EUROPE.

Handbook of France (1861); of *the Continent, Belgium, and North Germany* (1852); of *Southern Germany* (1858); of *Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Iceland* (1858); of *Russia* (1849); of *Rome* (1862); of *Florence* (1861). John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Guides de Paris à Havre; de Paris à Bordeaux; de Paris à Strasbourg et à Bâle; de Paris à Genève et à Chamouni. Hachette: Paris.

Guida dell' Italia Superiore di Massimo Fabi. Ronchi: Milano.

Caen: Guide portatif et complet, par G. S. Trébutien. Hardel: Caen.

Handbook of Travel-Talk. John Murray.

Bradshaw's Continental Railway Guide.

THE art of travel is rapidly becoming so vast a subject that no single professor will be able to expound it. Mr. Galton and Captain Burton have gone far to exhaust the science of life among wild beasts and savages; and either of them could probably act as master of the ceremonies to the king of Dahomey. But they would, we suspect, be the first to disclaim any like acquaintance with the mysteries of the *haute volée* in Viennese society, or with mountain travelling in Switzerland. It must be a great chance, at least, if a hero of the Alpine Club would be as good a guide about Rome as many a shy scholar who has not the strength to scale ice-encrusted cliffs, or the peculiar knack of walking up perpendicular rocks. The East is a field in itself, and something more than mere going over the ground is needed to make it intelligible. But for one traveller who has the leisure or the opportunity to explore the Zambesi river or to wander out towards Palmyra, there are at least a hundred who find every summer that six weeks in Germany or France do more to refresh the brain and turn the mind into a new track, than ever the sea-side or the moors in their own country could do. It is a long time before the most cosmopolitan Englishman gets to feel as thoroughly at home in a foreign railway carriage as on the Great Western. In spite of all that has been done to Anglicise the Continent, where English churches, *bifsteaks saignants* and bottled beer, large basons, shooting-coats and wide-awakes, have sprung up sporadically in the track of the locomotive, the difference of language and manner, if not of opinion, are still in all material respects unaffected by our superficial

intercourse with our neighbors. One chief cause of this, no doubt, lies in the strong objection a highly educated man feels to express himself in a language he can only speak imperfectly. He is painfully conscious of every blunder he makes, the moment after it is made, and the subjects he cares to talk about are precisely those which require a large vocabulary and a ready power of translating ideas by their foreign equivalents. Accordingly a bagman will go over half the Continent, joking, chattering, and making friends, with fewer words than enable a scholar to stumble through his want in the railway terminus or the inn. But the chief reason no doubt is, that no man can catch the tone of a new society in a moment. All that difficult family history, which we learn half unconsciously in our own country, the distinction of great and small requirements in etiquette, and the chief political and religious shades of feeling, are a shibboleth that cannot be hastily mastered. Mr. Grattan mentions in his last book, that he once gave great offence in a country district of France because, in entire ignorance of days and seasons, he invited a large party on the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. In the same way, we have heard of English people electrifying the residents of a foreign town by making promiscuous visits without letters of introduction. Our countrymen had no doubt been told that the custom abroad was for the last arrival to call first, and did not understand that the custom only warrants visits where there is some excuse for acquaintance. Every man who has lived out of England will probably remember some circumstances where he has acted awkwardly or given offence, in spite of the very best intentions to the contrary.

An excellent article on "Companions of Travel," that appeared rather more than two years ago in the *Saturday Review* (Nov. 2, 1861), among other hints to which we shall have occasion to refer, suggested that pictures of society and manners should form part of a future series of Handbooks. We should like to see the task attempted, but we confess to a grave doubt if it could be achieved to anything like the extent the writer seems to contemplate. Take, for instance, the wonderful descriptions of German manners in the works of Baroness von Tautphoeus, to which the article referred, among other instances, as examples of what was possible. No one can

read "The Initials" without instinctively feeling that it is true to life; but a German, while he admitted this, would say, and would say rightly, that it was true only of life under very exceptional circumstances. The interest of the plot turns mainly on the character of a young girl whose father has made a *mésalliance*, and whose stepmother takes a handsome young Englishman into her family as a boarder. In a three-volume novel all this is gradually explained away and becomes natural; but a selection of passages would give a very unfair idea of German habits and homes. Of course books may be mentioned where the plot is less exceptional, but the difficulty of epitomizing a highly complex society, such as that of the upper classes always is, remains extremely great. Let an Englishman take the writings of Washington Irving, of Emerson, and of Esquiro, all excellent in their way and written by men who cordially appreciate our country, and ask himself if any alchemy could distil the perfume of these half dozen volumes into one. Peasant life is to a certain extent simpler than the life of the *señors*. But the Lancashire peasants of Mrs. Gaskell are quite a different race to the Yorkshiremen of Miss Brontë and to Mr. Kingsley's Hampshire clowns. In fact there is no royal road to the knowledge of society. A traveller must work it out for himself; and for every reason he had better read first-hand the novels and sketches of manners that contain matter to assist him.

In saying this, however, we do not mean that a few hints on little points of difference between English and foreign manners may not save the traveller some annoyance. There are two or three pages in the introduction to Murray's "Handbook of Northern Germany" which go directly to the point, but which, unfortunately, are so offensive and absurd as to be useless. The writer assumes that a large number of his countrymen are purse-proud, underbred, and swaggering, and lectures them gravely on faults which mostly do not exist, but which, if they do, are incurable. No doubt there is still here and there a rowdy Englishman to be found who scatters oaths and insults and gold over the Continent; but the type will soon be numbered with the dinothereum, and retains its place on the foreign stage only in the same unreal way as harlequin and columbine figure on our own. The real offences that

make our countrymen unpopular are of a slighter kind: a habitual want of deference to foreign *convenances*, a custom of free speech, and an unlicensed sense of the ridiculous. We do not seek to extenuate these offences, in which our young men are naturally the worst sinners; but wearing a wide awake in Paris, or chaffing a sergeant of police, are not, after all, very grave international crimes, and would scarcely be remembered against the offenders, if their country were not the first power in the world, and the most jealously watched. Besides, those who rail at Englishmen for carrying England with them, should remember that soap and clean sheets have been introduced in this way into numberless districts which only know of them in the dictionary. Nor would it be difficult to retort the charge. There are quarters in London, neither small nor obscure, where the cockneyism of foreign capitals has been reproduced even in its most trifling details. To add a very small matter, it seems curiously difficult for strangers to learn, that it is not the custom in England to call on a new acquaintance in evening or half dress between ten and twelve in the morning.

Quite as often as not the mistakes of Englishmen arise from a misappreciation of the structure and tone of foreign society at the very time when they are striving to conform to it. There is a common idea that people make acquaintance abroad more readily than in England. Admitting this to be, to a slight extent, a feature of the foreign bathing-places, it remains none the less certain that a well-bred and highly-cultivated man is pretty equally reserved and shy of chance comers on both sides the channel. What has caused the mistake is, that the upper class is comparatively limited on the Continent, and the middle class comparatively large. An average English gentleman, if he go abroad without introductions, must therefore make up his mind that his chance of making friends, on a level with himself in refinement and education, will be decidedly less than in any part of his own country where he is equally unknown. With ladies the danger is of a different kind: they will meet with more intelligent deference in France than in their own country, and whatever mistakes they may commit, the courtesy of those around them will secure them from all

unpleasantness. But the conventions of foreign society are far more rigid than our own for women; and the tone of that large and idle society for which French novelists write is painfully low. In the French provinces an unmarried lady is a little compromised if she is seen twenty yards behind her party with an unmarried man; and the freedom of an English country-house is regarded with wonder, and, we regret to say, with a feeling very like disgust. That this feeling is unhealthy and bad we do not pretend to deny; but, so long as it exists, our countrywomen will do well not to part with any portion of their native reserve in travelling. Nor is there any great difference between different parts of the Continent in this respect; the mere fact that no reputations are so safely demolished any where as those of foreigners, marks the Englishwoman from the first as the theme of idle gossip, which may easily become scandal. Lastly, on few points are foreigners so sensitive as on anything that wounds their exaggerated *amour-propre*. A German is driven wild by the serene superciliousness of the chance Englishman whom he meets, regards their morning-dress as a national outrage, and suspects that every sentence he does not understand is a sneer at the country. A Frenchman is commonly too certain of himself to suspect that he can be thought ridiculous, and quietly shrugs his shoulders at eccentricities that are not his own. But even a Frenchman cannot understand irony. His own wit is *badinage*, a shuttlecock tossed between opposite players, who have no other thought than to keep it up skilfully. The heavy English irony, with its under-current of earnest, seems to him spiteful and cruel; he cannot comprehend men who hit one another so hard in jest. Before all things, we would recommend a man who wishes to be understood or to succeed in foreign society, to say nothing that is not absolutely transparent.

Perhaps the best suggestion of the Saturday Reviewer—as in fact it was his first—was in recommending that the recent history of the country should be given. Some of Mr. Murray's handbooks—as, for instance, those on Northern Europe—give a meagre and very dull outline of the country's general history. Now Michelet himself, whom we take to be the most fascinating of *précis* writers, and who is certainly the most unscrupulous, would

infallibly break down in the task of such an abridgment. What we want for every country is the philosophical outline and the more picturesque details—everything, in a word, that gives local coloring. A sensible man wanting to enjoy Norway, would read the "Sagas" and one or two modern novels; for Russia, he would take especially the "Lives of Ivan the Terrible," "Peter the Great," and "Catherine II.," with the "History of the French Campaign," and Stanley's "Eastern Church, and Tourguénief's or Tolstoi's novels. Conceive all this condensed under the hydraulic press of a gentleman whose chief business is to write about inns, roads, signs, and scenery. In fact, Mr. Murray's editors have wisely abstained from any similar attempt for France or Germany. In these matters every man must compile his own history, and the most a handbook can do is to point out the best sources of information in a *catalogue raisonné*. But the history of the last generation is something quite different. The state of parties, the history of different ministries, the court cliques that exist or are believed in, the biographies of the more notable men, the private history of the press, are all matters on which an intelligent man likes to have some knowledge before he visits a country. A chapter like Mr. Kinglake's episode on the *Coup-d'Etat*, but written from the point of view of historical fidelity, would be inappreciable to a tourist in France. It would be more difficult to give a *résumé* of continental literature in such countries as France and Germany. The Saturday Reviewer, indeed, suggests two rules which he thinks would simplify the matter. First, that our writers mentioned should be well known; and secondly, that they should be typical. But this, after all, is a little like the old school discussion, whether logic was a science or an art, and turns entirely on your first definition. When the first five or the first ten names in the literature of any country are written down, it becomes matter of very careful weighing to decide who are and who are not worth writing about. Is a man like Jasmin, the patois poet of Gascony, to be admitted as typical, or rejected as insignificant? Again, is any mention to be made of theologians like Lacordaire and Dupanloup; or of men of science like Boucher de Perthes and Milne Edwards or Quatrefages. The difficulty is the greater as the traveller

may be an antiquarian or a naturalist, and in either capacity has a fair claim on a few pages in the handbook. We incline to think we should solve this difficulty by treating of the literature of natural science in connection with a general chapter on the physical geography of the country; throwing Theirs, Béranger, and Courier into the political section, and leaving Lamennais and Montalembert to the chapter on church history. Such books as the "Life of Madame Récamier," and the "Journal and Letters of Eugénie de Guérin," would go far to make a description of the higher French society among women possible. So many names worth knowing would be disposed of naturally in this way, that poetry proper, history, and novels would be almost the only topics that would require a chapter to themselves.

Whatever modifications some plan of this sort might admit of, there can be little doubt, we think, that it ought to produce books as far superior to Mr. Murray's present handbooks as those were to anything that preceded them. We do not wish to be unjust to a pioneer in travelling and an old friend; and though, with one or two exceptions, we have never thought the famous red manuals satisfactory even for what they attempt, we freely admit that ten years ago they were the best in existence. But the old order has changed, and Mr. Murray's only recognition of the New World is in making his new editions a little bulkier than his old. His conception still is of a literary road-book, which is to tell the traveller on what roads he can get from point to point, what are the chief inns, what he will see on the road, and what he is to admire. Now, as regards routes, the great lines of railway that at present branch over the Continent practically determine the routes of ninety-nine in a hundred Englishmen, and the days of posting-carriages are gone by. Let the editor of a handbook tell us, by all means, what towns are worth seeing, and what lines of country are interesting; but he need not take us over the track in leading strings. Every one, in fact, disregards these absurd itineraries, and finds a good map the best *ductor dubitantium*. Next, a handbook that is only published from once in three years to once in fourteen cannot possibly compete for small local knowledge with minor publications such as *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*, and had better not attempt what

it does ill. New hotels are springing up every day in the place of worn-out veterans; and we have painful reminiscences of searching in the small hours of the morning in a well-known Austrian town for a non-existent hotel, which was first on Murray's list. If Mr. Murray would separate these matters altogether from his handbooks, and publish once a season a general list of continental hotels, with notices where new routes have been opened, or old ones stopped, he would be conferring a real service on the community, while he improved his own works. The character of hotels which his editors give are the only ones thoroughly reliable; and there is no reason whatever that they should be published in a form which exposes them to become antiquated and inaccurate. It is a smaller point, but we will just notice that there are limits beyond which the badness of a map becomes unendurable; and we know no exception to the badness of those of countries in Mr. Murray's editions. The printing is bad, the execution is slovenly, the places marked are few, and the outlines of departments and kingdoms are so faintly indicated as to be useless. In these respects the whole series contrasts markedly with the less ambitious and more satisfactory performances of the "*Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer*."

Another general fault in the present handbooks is, that too much is said on trifling matters, or on points which the tourist is certain to attend to and to have an opinion on. It is mere book-making to transcribe from the catalogues of small museums; and pictures had probably better be left to a special *catalogue raisonné*. In the handbook for Norway remarks about the scenery are constantly interspersed, the truth being that there is nothing else to write about; but, as the traveller has literally no choice of roads, nine times out of ten, in that country, it would surely be sufficient to say generally that the road from Gjøvig to Leirdalsören is romantically beautiful, and leave details to the tourist. It is very doubtful, indeed, whether any handbook for Norway is wanted beyond the little road-book (Bennett's) published in Christiania. Mr. Murray's, though well written, not unfrequently describes stations which no longer exist, as there is great activity in road-making throughout the country. The five years that have elapsed since the last edition was published have already

gone far to make it obsolete; and, out of twenty-eight stations which the handbook enumerates between Lillehammer and Drontheim, nine are no longer to be found. But the most faulty of Mr. Murray's handbooks in this respect is the one for Russia. Considering that the last edition dates from 1849, and was merely a revision of an older one, it will be understood that, for this reason alone, it has no great claims upon the traveller. But the book was bad from the first. It was evidently written by some one who knew many thousand miles of post-road, but had only stayed in three, or at most four, towns beyond the Baltic provinces, Odessa, St. Petersburg, Moscow, and perhaps Nijni Novgorod. Plunder from Kohl, and hasty impressions from a drive in a diligence through the streets, make up what is communicated about the other towns of the empire; while some of the most important and interesting places, like Uglitsch, where the young Demetrius was killed, and the beautiful town of the Jarosloff, with, in fact, the whole course of the Volga, between Tver and Astrakan, except Nijni Novgorod, are altogether omitted. The writer has not even compiled carefully. His description of Great Novgorod, for instance, is a triumph of inaccuracy. He speaks of it as a desolate town, with "mouldering walls, ruined churches, and grass-grown streets," with only seven thousand inhabitants, and with nothing but the old Kremlin and the brass gates of the church to attract attention. The facts are, that, although traffic has been diverted from it by the absurd whim of the late czar, who made his first railway, between St. Petersburg and Moscow, as straight as the crow flies, through morasses and uninhabited wilds, instead of taking it by the old route through towns, Novgorod is still a thriving country town with a good corn and timber trade, and with at least seventeen thousand inhabitants; the battlements are no more ruined than the walls of York or Chester; the streets are open and cheerful; and the wealth of the old churches is talked of with astonishment even in Russia. Two of them alone, St. Sophia's in the Kremlin and one on the other side of the river, would well repay a visit to the place. Probably some parts of the editor's description were true a hundred years ago, when some book which he has consulted was written, and the remainder is due to con-

jecture and to the confused memories of rapid travel. But faults of this kind are serious; and as the general hints on Russian travel at the beginning are by this time obsolete, we counsel the intending traveller to consult the imperishable "Letters from the Baltic," or Mr. Spottiswoode's "Tarantasse Journey," or Professor P. Smyth's "Three Cities in Russia," and to trust the red manual for nothing but the sights of Moscow and St. Petersburg, and very sparingly for those.

Of course there are good as well as bad exceptions to the general cumbrous mediocrity of the handbooks. That for Rome is the best instance we know of, having been carefully compiled by one who is evidently a man of taste, a scholar, and a resident. But we know none which, for antiquarian completeness and charm of style, can compare with the little book on Caen by M. Trébutien which we have mentioned at the head of our article. It is true, no doubt, that Caen is a small town, and that it is easier to know and describe such a place than a great kingdom. But M. Trébutien's book is small also in proportion to his subject, and yet contrives to exhaust it. The whole growth of the town is traced; the names given at the Revolution are recorded; the most remarkable houses for architecture or local association are pointed out; and the art criticisms evince singular judgment. If such books by local antiquaries were more common than, we fear, they ever can be, we should recommend every tourist to travel only with a railway time-table and list of hotels, and purchase his information on the spot he visits. For those who confine their wanderings to the great French lines of railway, the "Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer" will be found amply sufficient. Its little manuals are so cleverly written as to be more a narrative than a text-book, and the information about hotels and tradesmen is given compendiously and unobtrusively in an appendix. Otherwise, foreign guide-books, such as those of Ronchi and Baedeker, are only re-casts of Murray's handbooks, with the advantage of being shorter and more practical, and the disadvantage of being less reliable for Englishmen. Almost every German town has its local guide-book; but these, with few exceptions, are badly printed and prolix, beginning, like American oratory, from creation or a little earlier, and travelling by slow stages—as suits

the Teutonic mind — through the succeeding centuries.

We believe a few slight changes and a little arrangement would remove most of the faults we complain of in Mr. Murray's present series. The manuals we spoke of at starting—of actual history, manners, and literature—must of course form a perfectly distinct series. Only in this way could they be well done. The hotel-guide, and the hints about roads and conveyances, would form a separate pamphlet of a few pages, to be corrected every season, and bound up with the copies of the handbooks sold during the year. The art-manual might perfectly well be printed in the same manner, in detached parts, so that a traveller could either buy a guide to the collections of the country, or a fairly exhaustive book for the whole Continent. It would in every sense be more satisfactory if this department were conducted by a single man trained professionally, than if art criticism, one of the last achievements of education and taste, were carelessly thrown in among the chance duties of Mr. Murray's encyclopædical staff. Cleared of all irrelevant matter, the handbook proper would then give a description of the country and cities travelled in, and would be reduced to a volume of half or less than half, its present bulk, except where the tourist preferred to have the art-manual and hotel-guide bound up with it. If he were of our opinion, that a big book is a great nuisance in the pocket or portmanteau, he would commonly not do this; and we believe the mere reduction of size would largely promote the sale of the series generally. At the same time, we are quite aware that these alterations would add something to the expense of production. Several small books are always more costly than a single large one. But Mr. Murray's profits by the whole series must have been very large, and success, like nobility, has its obligations. Besides, any real improvement is always remunerative in the long run. Anyhow, if some change be not speedily made, he must be prepared to see the sceptre pass from Albemarle Street.

We desire to add a few words upon handbooks of travel-talk generally. Here, again, Mr. Murray's is the best we know of, and is most imperfect. The faults common to almost all this kind of literature are, a glut of useless phrases, scarcely-used words, and in-

appropriate idioms. With all deference to Mr. Murray's eminent translators, the German is not always reliable; such a phrase, for instance, as "gefälligt," for "if you please," being unused in good society; and the Tuscan style of address (in the third person) ought, we think, to be more generally given than it is in the Italian. These, however, are slight faults. The prolixity of the book is much less pardonable. A hundred and forty columns of conversation and vocabulary are proof in themselves that a wrong system has been adopted. In fact, the editors have confounded the functions of a vocabulary and a dictionary. What tourist can possibly wish to commit to memory a list of more than seventy terms relating to railroads and steamboats, which is still so far from being exhaustive that the words "return-ticket" and "fare" are omitted, while "guard" is transmuted into "conductor"? Again, the vocabularies are kept distinct for different subjects; the consequence of which is, that there are frequent cross-divisions, and that, while the word "waiter," for instance, occurs in no list, the chief articles of dress occur in two, the toilette and the laundry list. Half the number of words, in a single list at the end, would save endless trouble in making references. Above all, it ought to be remembered that the indifferent linguists for whom these manuals are intended are only puzzled by variety and confusion. It is astonishing how few words are really required to carry on small talk of any kind. It has been said that the vocabulary of a French lady of fashion consists of five hundred common words, mostly adjectives, and of five hundred proper names. It has been said, more seriously, that an English plowman in some districts does not know more than three hundred words. Any one may convince himself that this is an exaggeration, but it is based on the real fact that half the words we use are philological superfluities, which might easily be retrenched from conversation. Much more does this apply to the wants of a traveller, who is not expected to talk politics or philosophy. The true art of language can only be acquired from studying a learner, be it child or foreigner. Twenty or thirty verbs expressing broad primary ideas, like necessity or liking, without regard to little shades of meaning,—as many adjectives, adverbs, and prepositions severally,—and the framework

is made, which only requires to be filled up with substantives, the most easily learnt of any part of speech, and the number of which must of course vary with occasion. Let the young linguist only add to this a rigid care to avoid conditional moods and complex constructions generally, and he will be astonished himself at the ease with which he makes himself understood. In speaking, as in swimming, beginners are always prone to expend their strength superfluously. But there is no excuse for their instructor in Murray if he confirms them in this vicious habit. A single example will at once show what we mean. Nothing can seem more simple than to ask for tickets at a railway-office. The handbook gives the following as its German sentence: "Ich wünsche vier Billete nach M——; drei für die erste und eins für die zweite Classe." Practically, a traveller would say, "M——; drei, erste—eins, zweite;" and the abridged form would not only save breath to the speaker, but make his meaning easier to the clerk.

We pass from handbooks of travel to the subject of travel itself, on which alone a long article might be written. It is hardly too much to assume that three tourists out of five set out without any very definite aim beyond that of locomotion, and are guided quite as much by advertisements of easy routes as by their own forethought or knowledge. A certain number of miles are to be travelled over, so many cities lionized, and so much time spent in change of scene. The result of this *recherche de l'imprévu* is no doubt often better than might be expected; but the plan is none the less a bad one, and the traveller sometimes returns disgusted forever with first impressions foolishly collected. The first wisdom is for every man to know his own tastes, and to decide beforehand whether he means to see landscapes, or churches, or picture-galleries. Of course this rule need not be pedantically carried out, and a man travelling towards the Saxon Switzerland may yet stop and admire the Madonna di San Sisto; but, generally speaking, it is wise not to aim at too many effects. The next rule we are inclined to give may sound a little inconsistent with the first, though it is not really so. It is, that every one should take up some specialty as an amusement on his tour, and collect ferns or geological specimens; study a *patois*, or visit hospitals or courts of justice,

by way of attaching some particular reminiscence to his tour. The work of six weeks or three months will not be worth much for reproduction, but it will leave durable traces on the man's own mind. Perhaps one of the pleasantest ways in which this can be done, is by taking some favorite author, and working out his local allusions on the spot. A scholar of that old school which is now unluckily becoming not only old but obsolete, will light up all the Roman and Sabine districts with sunny memories from Horace. Northern and Central Italy are thronged with associations of a deeper interest from the *Divina Commedia*. For those who are careless of other languages than their own, Byron, and in North Italy Shakespeare, are the natural companions. To every educated man Shylock is still visible on the Rialto, and the garden of the Capulets at Verona is consecrated by a legend that it would be impiety to doubt.

Still, even these methods of making a tour something more than a string of railway distances and hotels, are imperfect compared with the serious interest that a more systematic study of any kind gives. Suppose a traveller to take either a single great book like the European chapters of Gibbon, or an episode of national life like the story of Joan of Arc, and to resolve to work it out. In the first case, he would begin with Imperial Rome in the palace of Nero, the baths of Diocletian, and the Coliseum, and would fill his mind with the barbaric greatness that piled masses of peperino for a lady's tomb or the basement of a patrician's garden, compared with which our vaunted railway-works are flimsy and unsubstantial. He would trace the growth of that new life which rose above the rotting Roman civilization in the myriad-celled Catacombs, and in the marvellous monuments of Christian hope and endurance that have been taken out of them. In provincial towns like Verona and Arles he would visit perhaps with even greater wonder the second-rate monuments of the old world, unsurpassed and unsurpassable at this day. He would understand more vividly than from any book the adamantine solidity of those municipal institutions which survived the Hun and the Goth, and which gradually became the symbols of law to freemen as they had been the instrument of oppression to slaves. In all this, and in the very network of Roman names

and Roman roads to be traced along the Danube and to the Clyde, he would read the secret of that marvellous vitality by which Rome, shorn of all its conquests, repeatedly stormed and ravaged, plague-stricken and helpless, retained its dominion over men's thoughts as the only legitimate centre of civilization, and became the throne of a new power more durable and more august than the Cæsars. For any man wanting to understand the inner life of the empire, Suetonius and Tacitus are scarcely more pregnant and life-like than the statues of the Vatican, the vases and ornaments of the Etruscan Museum under the same roof, or the remains at Pompeii. No influences of Greek art, no divinizing of imperial features, disguise the main traits of character in the world-rulers,—the unspiritual common sense, the relentlessness of purpose, and the vulgar animalism that stamped the men who were born to wrestle with facts, and who valued victory for its plunder, not for its laurels. There is scarcely a face of real life in all Roman art that a child would instinctively trust. The Dacian and German features interspersed, and growing steadily in number and importance, tell their own tale of the fall of the empire. But our space forbids us even to indicate the splendid outlines of Roman antiquarianism in its capital alone, or in Western Europe, for the period between the Flavian Cæsars and Theodosius. Take the second case, which a few days would exhaust. The village of Domremi and its neighborhood, in which Joan of Arc grew up; the Castle of Chinon, where she first saw the dauphin; Poitiers and Blois, where she lodged; Orleans, which she relieved, and where the house in which she stayed is still shown; Rheims, where her true mission was accomplished; St. Denys, where she first failed; Compiègne, where she was taken, and Rouen, where she was burned,—are mostly places which might well be visited for themselves, and which become doubly interesting in connection with a single heroic life. The advantage of this second plan is, that it requires no particular knowledge in the traveller. Let him simply take Michelet's little book with him, and remember so to arrange his route as to visit all or the chief places mentioned in it.

Instead of a tour which it is not always easy to arrange, the traveller will sometimes do well to take a city and work it out. Mr.

Ruskin once suggested that the rich men of Manchester ought to buy some old city like Verona, and keep it as it were like a fly in amber enshrined to all perpetuity in its own memories. The thought was of course wrought out with that profusion of fanciful argument which has made Mr. Ruskin mistake his poems for philosophy, and carried him out of the regions where he reigns supreme to those in which Cocker and Mrs. Marcet are more worthy. But setting aside the economical objections to turning the capital of a province into an art museum, it has always struck us that Mr. Ruskin, like many artists when they come to reason, was untrue in this instance, at least to his own better nature. No one has spoken more forcibly than he against so-called "restorations," and it is at least as unnatural to conserve a great city in its entirety as to *restore* a church or a *hôtel-de-ville*. A single building may be, and sometimes is, the expression of a single thought; but the true being of a city is in its many-thoughtedness, so to speak; in the fact that it has summed up the lives of nameless generations, and recorded the beauty or worthlessness of their highest purposes in stone. If any fortune arrest their development, so that human faces die out from the streets, the buildings ought to express the incompleteness or failure in which their makers' life has culminated. Time, the great beautifier, will cast down what was vulgar and common from its high places, and inform the ruins with that serene spiritual charm which mellows all the masterpieces of man's hand in their gradual decay. But the more common case is of a city that has held its own through all changes of fortune, and can number half a dozen alternations of pure and degraded taste, as one or another influence swayed the century. Its noblest monuments are probably impaired by some change or ornament that is unsuited to them: a Gothic baptistery is fitted with a Corinthian porch, or a gaudy, loaded, meretricious Jesuit Church elbows a fourteenth-century *hôtel-de-ville*. We say deliberately that even these mutilations and deformities are to be respected up to a certain point as a part of national history. They express facts of which it is sometimes difficult to say whether the bad or good have the higher significance. A city like Munich, where the work of several generations has been crowded into one, has a cer-

tain thinness and monotony of expression in consequence; the architects all seem to have been wire-drawing a single inspiration. Lastly, it is obvious that if the principle of changing for the better be once allowed, without any respect to the work of other men, the noblest art will take its turn of suffering when a generation sinks below its meaning. All these arguments apply equally to allowing growth to continue. Its processes may sometimes have a rude vigor almost akin to destruction, and the superfluities of the old city's work, and sometimes much that expressed its highest meaning, will be swept away to make room for a factory or a gaol. It is well to protest against this Jacobinism, and to enforce a due reverence for antiquity whenever antiquity does not encroach on actual life. But, after all, cities were made for men, not men for cities; and the art that cannot adapt itself to facts is morbid and unreal. Unless we can restore the conditions of mediæval society, a city like Nuremberg is an artistic anachronism. The permanent elements of mediævalism, its Christianity and its municipal and feudal life, will pretty certainly hold their own, in proportion to their respective vitalities, in all places and to all time.

For a man who determines to work up the historical growth of one or two cities during his holiday, the first difficulty of selection will be the *embarras des richesses*. Italian cities generally possess one great advantage over all others in their pre-Christian remains. The definite history or historical legend that attaches to the Tarpeian rock, and the Cloaca Maxima, can never be balanced by the shadowy forms of Ossianic heroes, or by the nameless records of the lake cities in Switzerland. When all criticism has done its worst or its best, the bridge which Horatius Cocles kept will remain a memory among men, and its dismantled piers be visited. On the other hand, Rome, the true world's capital for continuous historical life, is a little wanting in mediæval associations. The popes stamped themselves upon Europe much more indelibly than on their own city, till Catholicism, at the last moment of its undisputed supremacy, found an adequate expression in St. Peter's. But Rome altogether is too vast a subject to be even touched upon in a short article. Perhaps Florence and its neighborhood afford as good instances as can be named of the various

generations that have written their own epitaph in their works. In Fiesole we find the suggestive remains at least of the old Etruscan walls, and there is reason to hope that the local amphitheatre will soon be partially disinterred. With the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries we come to Brunelleschi's dome, Dante's house and seat, the gates of the baptistery, "like the gates of Paradise," and the towers which Villani raised. The period of the Renaissance and of the Medici is crowded with recollections of Lorenzo the Magnificent, of Pico di Mirandola, of Savonarola, and of Michael Angelo. St. Mark's, where Fra Angelico painted, and with which Savonarola's name is associated; the Palazzo Vecchio, or city parliament-house, which witnessed all the constitutional struggles, and the great square in which the reformer attempted to consume the unchristian art and learning of his times,—are a part only of that marvellous stone-setting to Florentine history. The Pitti and Strozzi palaces alone are monumental for the fortunes of their founders. A little later and the batteries of San Miniato, superintended by Michael Angelo in the last struggle for freedom, absorb every other interest; while the sorrow that succeeds defeat expresses itself in the statues of Sleep and Death. Then we pass into the sumptuous tyranny of the Medicis, with the Pitti and Uffizi collections. The absence of all monuments attests the absence of all national life during the last century; and the new buildings that are now springing up, not always in the most perfect taste, are at least signs of the resurrection of Italy. Every one who knows Florence, will know how meagre this sketch of its history is, but it surely gives the outlines of a week's or a month's study well spent. There is no French town that will repay the tourist as well. But a man must be hard to please indeed if the Roman antiquities of Arles and Nîmes do not satisfy him till he has crossed the Alps. For the Middle Ages Caen is a perfect compendium of history. For the sixteenth century, Blois—with its old houses, and the palace where the estates met, and where the Duke de Guise was murdered—exceeds even Paris in richness of material: and the castles near it—Chambord, Amboise, Chaumont, and Chénouailles—are as full of story and interest as French memoirs. Of Paris itself we can only speak regretfully. The barbarous

policy of its present ruler has completed the havoc which the Revolution began ; and in the unhappy attempt to destroy all memories of the old *régime*, the very *Temple* which Marie Antoinette's sufferings consecrated has not been spared. Broad Boulevards each the image of its neighbor, monotonous stone façades of bastard architecture, and an occasional *réchauffé* of bad Gothic, give the measure of imperial taste, and constitute the improvements to which Englishmen often refer as a justification of the December massacres. If art be any measure of statesmanship, the second empire has no element of vitality.

It is from no indifference to the claims of Germany upon the tourist that we have neglected to speak of it. But as its history, except at two or three epochs like the Reformation and the War of Liberation, has no steady European interest, while its literature, for all practical purposes, dates no further back than Lessing, it wants the large human associations which make France and Italy the second fatherlands of civilized and educated men. The traveller in Germany had better confine himself to landscapes and art. To enjoy the former, he must go well armed against the uncleanly habits of the dirtiest race in Europe, and prepared to endure the manners of the rudest. If he is proof against the spitting of a Yankee bar, against the smoking of bad tobacco in close carriages before ladies, and against the manners of third-rate cockneydom in England, he is then in the right frame of mind to begin a journey in the Fatherland ; though he must not consider himself perfect till he can listen without a smile to the common talk of German civilization, German cleanliness, and German morality, (*Deutsche Bildung, Deutsche Reinheit, Deutsche Sittlichkeit.*) In fact, the virtues which the Germans no doubt possess are those of a patient, speculative, and coarse-fibred race, who want the education of a powerful and respectable aristocracy, and who are just now in a fever-fit of material progress, which has impaired the scholarly element without perceptibly increasing self-reliance or self-respect. Probably self-government and consolidation, if they come soon enough to save the country from being dismembered by its powerful neighbors, will do much to bring the natives up to the level of the rest of Europe. Meanwhile, it is a great misfortune for them that they have never attracted sufficient attention

out of their own country to be seriously satirized. A French—or, better still, an English—Mrs. Trollope or Dickens would lash them out of that inveterate conceit of perfection which is at present the great obstacle to their improvement. We regard Victor Cousin's report on Prussian education as having done more to retard political and social development in Germany than any single book ever yet did anywhere. It analyzed an excellent paper system, of which the writer had no practical knowledge, and, perhaps unavoidably confounded the theory with the expected results. Since then the resources of English primary instruction have been more than trebled ; France has added largely to her schools and colleges ; Germany has stagnated, or gone back, as in Bohemia ; and the people none the less believe, with a Chinese self-sufficiency, that Europe looks up to them as its models in all intellectual progress.

Nevertheless, if a traveller will eschew Murray's hints and Bradshaw's positive statements, and will steadily travel first class, as the more respectable natives and experienced foreigners do, and will take a little more than ordinary care not to offend very irritable susceptibilities, he may traverse North Germany in its least civilized parts without any great discomfort. On the great highway of travel, the Rhine, he is more likely to be annoyed at finding that England somewhat changed for the worse has followed him, than by any flagrant deficiencies in the essentials of decent comfort in the hotels. In Austria, the accommodation and fare are often a little rough ; but the people are genial and good-natured to an extent that covers a multitude of sins. After all, something may well be ventured and endured for the sake of what is to be seen. Among art-collections, those of Dresden, Munich, and Vienna, have no rivals north of the Alps, except in the Louvre. But the true life of the country, artistic and political, has always been in its cities. The most peculiar interest, no doubt, attaches to Hanseatic towns like Lubeck, whose gate and cathedral are almost unmatched of their kind ; and to old imperial cities like Nuremberg, where the burghers pushed German individuality to its last extreme, and having maintained a peculiar religion, a distinct civic aristocracy, and an intolerance that went the length of excluding Jews from the walls, have at last immured themselves as it were in their

own past, and resolved that every house shall be rebuilt as it was in the sixteenth century. Cologne, Ratisbon, Augsburg, Dantzic, and Frankfort, are a few in the long list of memorable towns; places that have a distinct individuality, and are not mere creations of the *valet de place* and of the hand-book. We scarcely know whether Prague is properly to be called a German city; but it is so entirely bound up with the fortunes of Austria, and from the fourteenth century downwards has been so largely peopled by Germans, that it belongs, one-half at least, to the empire. It is the meeting-point of the two great races of the East, Slave and German, and reflects their different civilizations. An amphitheatre of hills round it, an acropolis covered with churches and palaces rising on one side the river, the Moldau spanned by a splendid bridge in the midst; and on the other side the old city, with its Jews' quarter a thousand and odd years old, and with the third University of the North, in which Englishmen kindled the flame that consumed Huss at Constance, and the Pope's bulls a century later at Wittenberg. Pass from city to country, and we know not what fairer land heart could wish for than the "Kettle-land" of Bohemia, bowl-shaped and mountainous, every hill instinct with memories of the time when Zisca drove the armies of the empire, with their chivalry and wealth, before a few peasants armed with flails. To the south-west of Bohemia lies an even lovelier country, the true Garden of Germany. Perhaps more beauty could hardly be crowded into a few days anywhere, than by a man who should take the route of Salzburg and Ischel to Linz, exploring a little right and left by the way, and should then start down the Danube to Vienna. There is a wealth of unexplored beauty throughout Austria. Probably not one traveller in a hundred ever thinks of tracing the Save from Laibach to Agram, yet a better days' work scarcely exists for a genuine lover of the picturesque. We have not cared to allude to the Mosel and the Rhine, which every one knows,—hotels, companies, touts, and tourists have made them populous, and done their best to vulgarize them; and they are still beautiful. The views from Johannisberg, from Ehrenbreitstein, or from Remagen, defy time and man's hand.

To many there is a strange interest in wan-

dering into countries where civilization is still only a distant name and a whisper. A weariness of ceiled houses and London tailoring, of lower classes who know the gradations of rank instinctively, and of a whole society that seems to move steadily in the groove it first slid into, is very apt to overtake the dwellers in great cities. To such, in default of more distant regions, a tour in Hungary, in Russia, or in Servia—but especially in the latter—may be recommended.

It is only this summer that the Piedmont of Turkey has attracted any general attention, and perhaps the wrongs of the Christians have done less for Belgrade than the presence in London of a pretty woman claiming to represent their interests. Yet those who value a unique phase of society should hasten to photograph it before it disappears. There is not such a being in the whole country as a man whose ancestors fifty years ago were wealthy, independent, or educated. The father of the present prince was a cowherd. The ministers, though their wonderful Slavonic versatility enables them to learn the languages and catch the tone of Western society, have risen by dint of ability or by favor from the ranks. Titles, except as derived from office, do not exist. All the problems of woman's education and woman's rights, which we in Europe have been discussing for some centuries past, are still unknown to the primitive people, who rule their families in patriarchal fashion, and have not altogether unlearned the trick of Oriental seclusion. A woman's best right in Servia is to her husband's fidelity, and, if native stories may be trusted, she is apt to enforce it with the dagger. Then, too, there is a certain romance of travel in a land where every man goes armed, and where the picturesque costume recalls legends of the Klephts and of Albanian brigands. The much-enduring Ulysses would find himself more at home at a Servian hearth, the peasants telling stories round a wood-fire, in rooms without chimneys, glass windows, chairs, beds, or carpets, than in Ithaca itself under modern influences, or than in the country of Polyphemus. A recent English traveller in Servia, Mr. Denton, has opened up a vein of new interest in the ecclesiastical architecture. Our own impressions were, that it could not rival the Russians in effect any more than in extent; and of the secular buildings out of Belgrade, we can only quote

the famous chapter in Henderson's "Iceland," on Snakes. There are literally none that deserve the name. The country, however, is very interesting, hill, glen, and forest, like the best parts of Normandy, and with a better climate. It would be a noble land for English emigrants, if they went out in sufficient numbers to secure an educated society, and the protection of the Foreign Office from our unchristian friends the Turks. Land may be bought as cheap as in the backwoods; labor is more abundant; and the colonist would be within five days' journey of London, and if he lived within a fair distance of Belgrade, could have the *Times* laid regularly on his breakfast-table.

Railways are doing so much for Russia, that before five years are over the great roads of the country will probably be as well known as the highways of Germany now are. There is no reason even now why a man of moderate strength should not travel in the empire. The residents in St. Petersburg affect, it is true to speak of the whole country beyond its two capitals as barbarous; but to an educated foreigner there is infinitely more of true barbarism in St. Petersburg itself, with its tasteless public buildings, like palatial barracks, its dirty, comfortless hotels, and its monotonous life drilled into Western respectability, than in the provincial cities which have been allowed to grow up naturally. The only real difficulty in visiting the interior is the language; and although this will well repay learning, and is not as impracticable as it seems, a tourist may be excused if he shrinks from acquiring it. In this case he must make up his mind to the expense and discomfort of a native servant. But the mere work of locomotion is easy. The track of Russian colonization has mostly been along the lines of the great rivers, and the most important of all, the Volga, is now as well supplied with steamers as the Danube. The swamps and pine-forests of the north and the prairie-land of the south are beginning to be traversed with railways; and the line joining Moscow with Nijni Novgorod makes it possible to get from St. Petersburg to the two most interesting places in North Russia with only some thirty hours' travel in a railway carriage. A day and a half's easy work in a steamer will take the traveller on to the Tartar capital, Kazan, and a dash into the limits of Siberia is no very difficult matter from that

starting-point. As for inns the traveller will do well to follow the custom of the natives, and take his own sheets and tea with him. But clean beds can be procured at all towns, and the general accommodation of Russian inns is quite equal to that of German or French, in parts little visited. The food is commonly good, and Sauterne does duty for *vin ordinaire*. It is true that the upper classes, being a small minority, have to pay rather disproportionately for their comforts; but less than two pounds a day ought, after all, to defray all expenses.

The interest of Russia is, that it is unique. In no other great country has a Christian and Indo-Germanic race developed itself without aid from Roman law, from feudalism, or from chivalry. From this, and from a few vestiges of the Tartar conquest, has come the utterly groundless idea that the Russians are an Asiatic people. The truth is that, like the old Greeks, they are the outpost of Europe against Asia, and have all the burning hatred of a frontier people for their antagonists. It would be truer to say that their civilization is Byzantine. Their whole history has been moulded by a faith derived from Constantinople: their official organization is a strange reproduction of the Lower Empire; and their policy looks steadily to Stamboul as their future capital. Their architecture and sacred art are on the models which Vladimir or Alexander Nevsky may have witnessed. With all this antiquity of type, there is a strange air of novelty about the empire. The bitter winters disintegrate brick and mortar pitilessly; the frequent fires in town consume wood. Every thing seems as new as in an American clearing; and, in fact, the Russians are as great colonists as the Anglo-Saxons, only that they migrate within the limits of their empire, not beyond it. But no one could mistake the Russian church, with its gaudy cupolas of blue and gold, for any thing but the fresh form of an immemorial faith. Our own Gothic cathedrals are scarcely more instinct with the life that is beyond time. The kremlins or fortresses, from their massive construction, are commonly older in actual date than the churches; and the white conical towers, enclosing the lowest and highest parts of the town, with palace and cathedral, are indescribably picturesque. It is a curious tribute to the permanence of type in Russian edifices, that no visitors to Moscow ever thinks

of it as a new city, though most of it, of course, dates from within sixty years. One great advantage of Moscow over its rivals in the empire lies in the fact, that it has been laid out irregularly. After the fire, which burned away the stain of French occupation, every one was allowed to build pretty much as he liked: palaces and gardens were clustered in unsymmetrical lines, without interference from imperial edicts. Then the architects of the two greatest buildings—the Cathedral of St. Basil and St. George's Palace—have been men of the highest capacity in their respective ways. Add to this the unrivalled natural position, and it will be understood that the whole effect is rather that of an Arabian Knight's story than of an ordinary second capital. Nijni Novgorod is scarcely less remarkable. The old town, with its kremlin and cathedral, on a cliff that overhangs the junction of two imperial rivers—the Volga and the Oka; on the other side, an illimitable plain fringed with many thousand booths, interspersed with mosques and pagodas; and the river between gay with decorated junks, which alone contain the population of a city; Cossack, Armenian, and Chinaman here confronting the bagman from Manchester or Lyons,—never surely had commerce a more fantastic metropolis. This generation will probably look upon its last. There is talk already of telegraph lines in Siberia; road and rail have made Moscow as accessible as Nijni Novgorod; and the days of fairs are numbered.

There is still one class of traveller whose interests we have not considered,—the man who wishes simply to lie fallow, and rejects all idea of self-improvement. To such a one we recommend Norway. It has lain idly looking on at the world round it since its heroic age some eight centuries ago, and has no manufactures, no art, no history, and almost no literature. The common mode of travelling in carriage, a sort of low chair upon two wheels, with a place behind for luggage, saves the tourist from some of the common and most annoying incidents of a journey,—the hurry to catch a train, the waiting-room, and the temporary loss of *impedimenta*. To be quite independent, however, and enjoy the country leisurely, he had better travel with his own horse: the loss, if any, on this will be slight in a country where fifteen or twenty pounds is a large sum

for the best. The great conveniences of Norwegian travelling are, that the light lasts far into the night, that mists are unknown, and that, as a general rule, the best views may be seen without climbing. The waterfalls are perhaps superior to the Swiss; the fiords are longer and with more reaches than the lakes; and the frequent changes of scenery along the roadside are indescribable. But the country is not one for a delicate man, nor for any but a very adventurous lady to travel in. Oat-cakes and milk are in many parts the only food that can be counted on; and the doctor may have to be summoned from many miles' distance. On the other hand, clean sheets are the rule. It is needless to describe cottage interiors for any one who has seen Tidemann's pictures. It must be well borne in mind that such rooms as he paints are the only ones that await the traveller, except in the three or four towns where there are hotels.

What we have said is addressed, not to the learned in travelling, but to those who are beginning it, or who have never had time and occasion to master its first principles. Of the traveller, as of the poet, it may be said that he is born, not made. There is an irresistible impulse in certain races and families to go out into the unknown world about them; and few instincts bring a richer reward with them, or are more durable. Yet we hold a sort of Hegelian doctrine, that the feeling for home is nowhere stronger than in the wanderer. Probably no nation has better proved its credentials in this respect than the Scotch, and in none is there heartier local patriotism or a stronger family pride. The men who really renounce England for the Continent and sink contentedly into the second-rate circles of a provincial German town, are not travellers, or to be so accounted, because they have given up one form of cockneydom for another. They are also the last men who ever understand the society into which they have thrown themselves. They catch, perhaps, its tricks of manner or vice; but the same want of individuality that hindered them from taking their proper place at home unfits them to learn the more difficult lesson—what the highest aspirations of a strange people are. It is only the artist in travel, "always roaming with a hungry heart to follow knowledge like a sinking star," who is also "a part of all he meets." To those who understand this instinctively it will not seem strange if we have dwelt even to weariness on the uses to which a journey in the most hackneyed parts of Europe may be turned.

From The Christian Remembrancer.

1. *Lost and Saved.* By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Hurst and Blackett.
2. *East Lynne.* By Mrs. Henry Wood. Bentley.
3. *Verner's Pride.* By the Author of "East Lynne," etc. Bentley.
4. *Aurora Floyd.* By Miss Braddon. Tinsley Brothers.
5. *Lady Audley's Secret.* By the Author of "Aurora Floyd." Tinsley Brothers.

WE have been counselled not to ask why the former times were better than these, and are thus instructed to beware of enhancing the past in peevish depreciation of the present, the scene of our labors and trials. The check is constantly needed by those whose past is long enough ago to melt into harmonious, golden, defect-concealing distance; but we are disposed to think that such check is never more required than when a comparison is forced upon us of the popular ideal of charming womanhood in the times we remember, and what seems to constitute the modern ideal of the same thing. This ideal may be gathered from the poetry, the romance, and the satire of both periods, as well as from closer experience. There was a time when the charge against young ladies was a morbid love of sermons and a too exclusive devotion to the persons that preached them; then they were the subjects of tender ridicule for a fantastic refinement; then they doted upon Fouqué and Sintram, and were prone to sacrifice solid advantages and worldly good things to a dream of romance; then it was interesting and an attraction, at least to seem to live in ignorance of evil; then they felt it good taste to shrink from publicity, and submitted to the rules of punctilio and decorum as if they liked them. Those were the days when the red coat was not unreasonably jealous of the academic gown, when dash was not the fashion, when the ordinary gayeties of life were entered into not without a disclaimer, and an anxiety to assert an inner preference for something higher and better, fuller of heart and sentiment, satisfying deeper instincts. Those were the days before *Punch's* generation of "fast young ladies" were born; while it would still have been a wild impossibility for the *Times* to announce beforehand that an earl's daughter would, on such an occasion and in such a theatre, dance an Irish jig, and a still wilder impossibility for the lady to keep her engagement, and for

the illustrated papers afterwards to represent the feat in the moment of execution.

We are not saying that the generation of which this is a feature is really a falling off from that other generation which furnishes us with such pleasant memories. Each has its developments for good or evil, sense or nonsense. The one is composed of the daughters of the other. The history of society is a series of reactions from faults it has become alive to. We know all this; but the popular literature of the day, which undertakes to represent the thought and impulses of its own time, almost forces us into a frame of disparaging comparison. The novels of twenty and thirty years ago, which told us a good deal we did not like of the society of the period, have passed into oblivion; the notions and tendencies of to-day find their exponents in novels in everybody's hands. They are peopled with characters which, if they go beyond our observation, and exceed anything we have seen, yet indicate plainly enough the direction manners have taken, and are accepted as a portrait of life by the general reader, through his very act of taking them into favor.

The "sensation novel" of our time, however extravagant and unnatural, yet is a sign of the times—the evidence of a certain turn of thought and action, of an impatience of old restraints, and a craving for some fundamental change in the working of society. We use the popular and very expressive term, and yet one much more easy to adopt than to define. Sensation writing is an appeal to the nerves rather than to the heart; but all exciting fiction works upon the nerves, and Shakespeare can make "every particular hair to stand on end" with anybody. We suppose that the true sensation novel feels the popular pulse with this view alone—considers any close fidelity to nature a slavish subservience injurious to effect, and willingly and designedly draws a picture of life which shall make reality insipid and the routine of ordinary existence intolerable to the imagination. To use *Punch's* definition in the prospectus of the *Sensation Times*, "It devotes itself to harrowing the mind, making the flesh creep, causing the hair to stand on end, giving shocks to the nervous system, destroying conventional moralities, and generally unfitting the public for the prosaic avocations of life." And sensationalism does this by drugging

thought and reason, and stimulating the attention through the lower and more animal instincts, rather than by a lively and quickened imagination; and especially by tampering with things evil, and infringing more or less on the confines of wrong. Crime is inseparable from the sensation novel, and so is sympathy with crime, however carefully the author professes, and may even suppose himself, to guard against this danger by periodical disclaimers and protests.

The one indispensable point in the sensation novel is, that it should contain something abnormal and unnatural; something that induces, in the simple idea, a sort of thrill. Thus, "Transformation," where a race of human beings inherit the peculiarities of the Faun, and in whom a certain conformation of ear characteristic of the Greek myth crops out at intervals, is sensational. The very clever story "Elsie Venner" is sensational in the same way, where the heroine is part rattlesnake, and makes us shudder by her occasional affinities in look and nature with the serpent race. All ghost stories, of course, have the same feature. In one and all there is appeal to the imagination, through the active agency of the nerves, excited by the unnatural or supernatural. But the abnormal quality need not outrage physical laws; exceptional outrages of morality and custom may startle much in the same way. Bigamy, or the suspicion of bigamy, is sensational as fully, though in a lower field, as are ghosts and portents; it disturbs in the same way the reader's sense of the stability of things, and opens a new, untried vista of what may be. All crime that seems especially incongruous with the perpetrator's state and circumstances is of this nature, and offers a very ready and easy mode of exciting that surprise and sense of novelty which is the one indispensable necessity. Of course no fiction can be absolutely commonplace and natural in all its scenes and incidents; some extraordinary conditions seem unavoidable in its machinery. Thus, story-writers of every age and style seem, by one consent, to ignore for their heroines the most universal and inevitable of all relationships. The heroines of fiction have no mothers. Every rule has its exception, of course; but the exception in this case proves the rule. Thus, the only mother we can think of in Sir Walter Scott's series of novels is Lady Ashton, a monstrous and un-

natural mother, performing the very opposite of the maternal part. In the same way, Richardson's *Clarissa Harlowe* has as good as none. Harriet Byron and her friends are motherless. Dickens has very few. None of Miss Brontë's or George Eliot's heroines have mothers, nor have Miss Ferrier's. Miss Edgeworth has one or two model mothers, but most of her heroines are without. Miss Yonge, it must be granted, has one charming mother, who performs a mother's work, in the "Heir of Redclyffe;" but the majority of her young people make all their mistakes for the want of one, and show their goodness by overcoming the evil consequences of that supreme deprivation. Those who write for children find it easier to devise probable and excusable scrapes without the maternal guardian of discipline and order. The moral story-teller can somehow inculcate principles, and supply examples more to his mind without. The mere novelist finds the mother a dull and unmanageable feature, except, indeed, where the scheming or tyrannical mother of the fashionable novel brings about the necessary tragic element, drives her daughter to despair by enforcing good matches, or oppresses her for mere envy of her youth and virgin graces. Miss Austin, who looked on life as it is, and shut her eyes to none of its ordinary conditions, has some mothers—Mrs. Bennet, the silly mother, who would drive any sensitive child wild with shame, and Mrs. Dashwood, who encouraged her daughter in sentimentalism—but her essential heroines are without. Mr. Thackeray's mothers merge into mothers-in-law. It is quite a feature of Mr. Trollope's course of fiction that he now and then gives us a real mother and does not feel embarrassed by the relation. However, we need not further pursue the inquiry.

This exceptional condition of early life—freedom from restraint, and untimely liberty of choice and action—then, belongs to the youth of all fiction. Of course, in sensational novels, this liberty is exaggerated indefinitely. There is nothing more violently opposed to our moral sense, in all the contradictions to custom which they present to us, than the utter unrestraint in which the heroines of this order are allowed to expatiate and develop their impulsive, stormy, passionate characters. We believe, it is one chief among their many dangers to youthful readers that

they open out a picture of life free from all the perhaps irksome checks that confine their own existence, and treat all such checks as real hindrances, solid impediments, to the development of power, feeling, and the whole array of fascinating and attractive qualities. The heroine of this class of novel is charming because she is undisciplined, and the victim of impulse; because she has never known restraint or has cast it aside, because in all these respects she is below the thoroughly trained and tried woman. This lower level, this drop from the empire of reason and self-control, is to be traced throughout this class of literature, which is a consistent appeal to the animal part of our nature, and avows a preference for its manifestation, as though power and intensity came through it. The very language of the school shows this. A whole set of new words has come into use, and they are caught up and slipped into, as a matter of course, to express a certain degradation of the human into the animal or brutal, on the call of strong emotion. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," says the poet; the whole world of this school includes things that Shakespeare never dreamed of. Thus the victim of feeling or passion sinks at once into the inspired or possessed animal, and is always supposed to be past articulate speech; and we have the *cry*, the *smothered cry of rage*, the *wail*, the *low wailing cry*, the *wail of despair*, with which, if our readers are not familiar, *ad nauseam*, we can only say we are. The curious thing is, that probably no writer ever heard a woman utter this accepted token of extreme emotion, which would indeed be a very intolerable habit in domestic life; but it is evidently accepted by a very large circle as the exponent of true, thorough-going passion. It is the same with motion. It is man's privilege to walk; in novels men, or at any rate the women, *creep*. In love, in helplessness, in pity, in tenderness, this abject, fawning, cat-like movement is found the most expressive sign of a mental posture. Again, these people *writhe* and twist and coil themselves. "This self-sustained and resolute woman writhed in anguish." They have "serpentine arms," and "snake-like, Medusa locks." On occasion they will stand rampant, erect, with glittering serpent eyes. They are prone to blows. It is one of the privileges of reason and cultivation that men can be angry

through their minds and tongues alone, but the people in all sensation writing rush to blows at once. Whatever training they may have had, it all drops from them on provocation, and the wild animal proclaims itself. Most readers are familiar with Aurora Floyd's castigation of her stable-boy; indeed, this fascinating lady is so ready with her natural weapons, that we find her on one occasion in the presence of two men, on whom she has inflicted stripes and scratches, the scars of which they will carry to their graves. And the writer of "East Lynne" is not behind her more impetuous sister authoress in her belief in the possibility of blows in civilized circles, for she makes a countess strike her heroine furiously on each cheek, while that interesting young lady was her guest, stimulated solely by the jealousy of one pretty woman for another. But what will not Mrs. Wood's countesses do?—though, indeed, Mrs. Norton, who should know what grand ladies are made of, brings her marchioness to very much the same pass of animal *abandon*. Blows imply passion, so perhaps it is needless to speak of the previous uncontrolled passion, which is another characteristic of the sensational heroine in common with brute nature; but Miss Braddon enlarges on it, as a feature of the temper that most interests her, in terms which we prefer to our own:—

"Have you ever seen this kind of woman in a passion?—impulsive, nervous, sensitive, sanguine. With such a one passion is a madness—brief, thank Heaven!—and expending itself in sharp, cruel words, and convulsive rendings of lace and ribbon, or corner's juries might have to sit even oftener than they do."—*Aurora Floyd*, vol. ii. p. 264.

And the scene in "East Lynne," where Barbara, with vehement hysterical passion, upbraids the innocent and unconscious Carlyle for having married somebody else, is another example of the disgraceful unrestraint which some writers think a feature of the ideal woman. Another characteristic is the possession by one idea—an idea so fixed and dominant that the mind impregnated by it has no choice but to obey. The faithful or the vicious animal is so influenced, but a man thus out of his own control is on the high road to madness. However, it is thought sublime, and the reader is expected to be awed by the strength of a character led by

some immovable and absorbing notion, amenable neither to time nor place nor manners, nor to any of the influences that turn our thoughts from one thing to another, and multiply and divide our interests. And it is certain that a good many people think this a very grand form of nature; and an index of power in a writer even to conceive such a thing, whether natural or not, as something colossal, overshadowing their imagination. It is a refreshing change, for instance, from the monotony of easy reasonable social life to follow the moods, or rather the mood—for she has but one—of a woman of this type, who is forever apostrophizing herself “with a smothered cry of rage,” “Is there no cure for this disease? is there no relief except madness or death?” In a current story by the same hand (“Eleanor’s Victory”), we have a girl of sixteen devoting her life to vengeance in the following strain; and we know Miss Bradon’s style too well to doubt she will keep her word:—

“I don’t know this man’s name (with whom her father had played his last game at *carté*); I never even saw his face; I don’t know who he is, or where he comes from; but sooner or later I swear to be revenged upon him for my father’s cruel death.”

“Eleanor, Eleanor!” cried the signora, ‘is this womanly? is this Christian-like!’

“I don’t know whether it is womanly or Christian-like,” she said, ‘but I know that it is henceforth the purpose of my life, and that it is stronger than myself.’”—*Once a Week*, April, p. 415.

In like manner, instinct is a favorite attribute: reason may be mistaken, but instinct never. In one story we have two girls, within a page or two of one another, who read characters like a book, and see villainy at a glance in persons who have passed for respectable all their lives. “When I look at people,” says one, “I always seem to know what they are;” while the other, with inane simplicity, apologizes for her insight, “I cannot help seeing things.” Another characteristic closely allied to all these is fatality. It is no use trying to be good; they do try; but Elsie Venner can no more eradicate the rattle-snake-malice out of her nature than can these less avowedly fated women their evil propensities. Thus, in “East Lynne,” Lady Isabel is impelled to the worst wrong against her will:—

“She (the wife of Carlyle) was aware that

a sensation all too warm, a feeling of attraction towards Francis Levison, was waking within her; not a voluntary one. She could no more repress it than she could her own sense of being; and mixed with it was the stern voice of conscience, overwhelming her with the most lively terror. She would have given all she possessed to be able to overcome it,” etc. etc.—*East Lynne*, vol. ii. p. 2.

And again, we are bid not to doubt the principles of a lady whose practice was undoubtedly open to question:—

“Oh! reader, never doubt the principles of poor Lady Isabel; her rectitude of mind, her wish and endeavor to do right, her abhorrence of wrong; and her spirit was earnest and true, her intentions were pure.”

She did not, in fact, encourage the temptation which overcame her:—

“She did not encourage these reflections—from what you know of her you may be sure of that—but they thrust themselves continually forward.”

“On what a slight thread do the events of life turn,” is the favorite language of this school, which, as they interpret it, means, or seems to mean, that there are temptations that are irresistible. Thus, “Olivia Marchmont” might have made a saint but for unluckily falling in love with a good-natured cousin, provokingly unconscious of his conquest. As it was she was a fiend; but she had not succumbed without many struggles to her sin and despair. “Again and again she had abandoned herself to the devils at watch to destroy her, and again and again she had tried to extricate her soul from their dreadful power; but her most passionate endeavors were in vain. Perhaps it was that she did not strive aright; it was for this reason, surely, that she failed so utterly to arise superior to her despair; for otherwise that terrible belief attributed to the Calvinists, that some souls are foredoomed to damnation, would be exemplified by this woman’s experience. She could not forget. She could not put away the vengeful hatred that raged like an all-devouring fire in her breast, and she cried in her agony, ‘There is no cure for this disease!’”

We have placed “East Lynne” at the head of our series not as the most marked example of the school, but as first in time. This story was brought into notice—and, indeed, ex-

tensive notoriety, by a puff in the *Times*, which represented it as a work of extraordinary power, dealing with the depths of our nature in a master's spirit. This imprimatur might not have told as it did, but for the authoress's real power of telling a story; but it unquestionably invested it with a credit and reputation which might have cost the docile reader some trouble to reconcile with his own impressions, and which strike us as grossly beyond the actual merits of the work. When we say that a writer's style is vulgar, there may, unquestionably, be the excuse of a pardonable and inevitable ignorance. A person may have many of the qualities of a novelist, and yet neither have the *habits* of the circle it pleases him to describe, nor be familiar with pure English as it is spoken and written. Still, genius is a keen, quick-witted power; it possesses the principle of selection, and instinctively perceives and holds by the best. Mrs. Wood's persistent use of certain vulgarisms, such as the uniform substitution of *like* for *as*—"Like I did;" "He was deep in the business of packing, *like* his unfortunate brother had been;" and, above all, her unconscious use of the word "*party*" for a single person, are telling facts; as where the stately hero, in some crisis of fate, alludes to the "*party*" who is working mischief and ruin; or where a ghost alarms a neighborhood, and the clergyman has to mention with reluctance a family name: "the—the *party* that appears to be personating Frederick Mas-singberd;" and again another, in great perplexity, "I cannot say if it be the *party* I suspect;" and so on. We maintain that observation, that first requirement in those who are to picture human nature, as well as ear, must be wanting where such habits as these can be persisted in. It is of a piece with those descriptions of spring which bring the fragrant violet, and the fresh green of the oak together, and with those pictures of manners which represent the town clerk as asking the bench of magistrates to pipes and ale, announcing his attention in these dignified terms, "I entertain the bench of justices to-night, Barbara, to pipes and ale;" and carrying it out to the fortunate recipients of these favors with "'I have been considering that you had better all five come and smoke your pipes at my house this evening, when we shall have time to discuss what must be done. Come at seven, not later, and you

will find my father's old jar replenished with the best broad-cut, and half a dozen churchwarden pipes. Shall it be so?' The whole five accepted the invitation eagerly."—(*East Lynne*, vol. i. p. 68). With manners which make it natural in a courtly earl to ask as his first question, after introducing his daughter to this same young attorney, "Is she not handsome?"

We do not know what to say of the courage which shall plunge boldly into the manners of a society of which the writer has not the remotest experience. Success must be the only test of the right to do so. Shakespeare made kings talk, and kings are willing to be so drawn by him; they know, at any rate, that they are not more kingly than he represents them. Whether earls and earls' daughters will be content with the figure they make in Mrs. Wood's pages is another question. At any rate, Mrs. Wood is very much at her ease when she sets fine ladies and gentlemen talking, and thinks nothing of making a Lady Mary not only accept a lout of an apothecary, who is forever pounding drugs on a counter, but eagerly jump at him, and express a wish he had asked her years before. There are no misgivings, no timidity in her portraiture; the fashionable flirt breaks into vituperation as fluently as Lady Carolina Wilhelmina might have done, and is jealous in five minutes' time of the looks of admiration cast at the younger beauty. The fatally fascinating captain, a scion of the aristocracy, makes quick work of it, and before the end of the first evening, by dint of profuse compliments, pointed by glances from "eyes of the deepest tenderness," "draws vivid blushes" from the delicate, sensitive heroine, not of offended maiden pride, but from a heart touched by an indelible impression. This is the sort of writing we might very well expect from the preliminary training of a temperance novel ("*Danesbury House*"), in which, by unflinching, conscientious adherence through every page to the subject of strong drinks and different forms and degrees of drunkenness, Mrs. Wood won the hundred pound prize, but it materially detracts from her right to any high stand in our literature. It is perhaps inevitable that the self-taught and guess-work novelist should jumble ranks and utterly confuse our notion of the social standing of the *dramatis personæ*; and this is especially the case in all Mrs. Wood's writ-

ings. Barbara, the second wife, who succeeds Lady Isabel, with her flippancy, her vulgar finery, her outspoken declaration of love, might be supposed to be some milliner's apprentice, but we believe is really intended to be an English lady. We observe an appreciation of out-of-door successes, an expectation from chance and irregular introductions, which marks a certain class. If the hero gets into a train in an anxious pre-occupied state of mind, it is supposed that his silence, indifference, and failure in *pétits soins*, will be felt an injury by any young and handsome woman in the same carriage, who, it is taken for granted, regards every public place a scene of conquest.

When this lady gives herself to the odd and eccentric, we still less know where we are. Each of her novels has a humorist. In "East Lynne" it is a Miss Corny, a sister of the heroic attorney, a violent woman, who assaults her suitors, shakes the breath out of her brother's clerk on the slightest provocation, and dresses like a madwoman, but who is still treated with marked respect as well as awe by her neighbors, and allowed by the attorney to force herself upon his wife and be virtual mistress of his household. This low and wild virago is the companion to the Lady Isabel, and it strikes the refined and devoted husband as a good arrangement on the whole. Humor is not a common feminine gift, so that we ought to be indulgent of mere failure; but, unfortunately, this lady fails not only in execution, but in the first idea of a fit subject for jest. The ordinary routine of the toilet, for instance, seems to be regarded as an inexhaustible field for mirth. We might say, she is most particularly amiss when she dwells on the details of masculine attire; except that the betrayal of her own sex, and all the little expedients by which the inroads of age may be warded off, is, perhaps, still more displeasing, and is especially unfair upon the single ladies she holds up to ridicule—first, for being single; next, for being no longer young; next, for losing with youth itself some of the charms of youth; and last, for having recourse to any means of arresting Time's ravages. These are all such common characteristics of third-class novels, sensational or otherwise, that we should not notice them but that more than one leader of opinion has committed itself to a wholesale approval of "East

Lynne," and one has gratuitously pronounced it *not* vulgar.

The acknowledged new element of this order of fiction is the insecurity given to the marriage relation. Unless we go with the bride and bridegroom to church, and know every antecedent on each side, we cannot be at all sure that there is not some husband or wife lurking in the distance ready to burst upon us. When once the idea enters the novel-writer's mind, it is embraced as a ready source of excitement, and capable of a hundred developments. Except that the circumstances are actually impossible, and would, we think, be very revolting if they were possible, the predicament is invested with real interest in "East Lynne." The moral fault of the book is, that the heroine has imputed to her a delicacy and purity of mind in utter variance with her whole course. None but a thoroughly bad woman could have done what Lady Isabel did. She had not the ordinary temptation to wrong; and as for those fine distinctions between affection and love which some ladies are prone to refine upon, we count them among the most mischievous of sentimental speculations. Lady Isabel, for example, marries the attorney, has a great affection for him, is exacting of his attention and devotion to herself, is capable of passionate jealousy, and all the while, we are ashamed to say *loves* somebody else. At last she runs off with the captain—then behold! instantly, in five minutes, she finds out her mistake, and begins to *love* the attorney and hate the other; and finally, on this connection breaking in the usual way, she disguises herself, being supposed by the outraged and re-married husband to be dead, engages herself as governess to her own children, and dies, we may almost say, of jealousy of the new wife who succeeds to her old privileges; for the first time being thoroughly in love with him who had been her husband. Her first conception of this scheme is thought an occasion for some religious sentiment, and so we read—

"She had a battle to do with herself that day—now resolving to go, and risk it; now shrinking from the attempt. At one moment it seemed to her that Providence must have placed this in her way, that she might see her children in her desperate longing; at another, a voice appeared to whisper that it was a wily, dangerous temptation flung across her path—one which it was her duty

to resist and flee from. Then came another phase of the picture—How should she bear to see Mr. Carlyle the husband of another?—to live in the same house with them, and witness his attentions, possibly his caresses? It might be difficult; but she could force and school her heart to endurance. Had she not resolved in her first bitter repentance to *take up her cross daily*, and bear it? No; her own feelings, let them be wrung as they would, should act as the obstacle."

She had not been long in her new post when we read—

"When Lady Isabel was Mr. Carlyle's wife, she had never wholly loved him. The very utmost homage that esteem, admiration, affection, could give was his; but that mysterious passion called by the name of love (and which, as I truly and heartily believe, cannot in its refined etherialism be known to many of us) had not been given to him. It was now, I told you some chapters back, that the world goes round by the rule of contrary—conter-rary, mind you, the children have it in their game—and we go round with it. We despise what we have, and covet that which we cannot get. From the very night she had come back to East Lynne, her love for Mr. Carlyle had burst forth with an intensity never before felt. It had been smouldering almost ever since she quitted him. 'Reprehensible!' groans a moralist. Very. Everybody knows that, as Aby would say. But her heart, you see, had *not* done with human passions, and they work ill and contrariness (let the world stand, critic, if you please), and precisely everything they should not."—*East Lynne*, vol. iii. 252.

The predicament is undoubtedly one fruitful of singular situations. Mr. Carlyle, to do him justice, is faithful to each obligation as it arises, and the same scenes that interested the reader when Lady Isabel was his wife are repeated to the letter when Barbara succeeds to that place which had been the object of such outspoken solicitude. In old times Barbara had peeped and listened in torture to Lady Isabel's singing of Mr. Carlyle's favorite songs, he standing by her chair and turning her leaves, with many tender interruptions. Now the process is reversed. It is Lady Isabel who peeps and listens, and Barbara sings the very same song, which must, we should say, be of very commanding merit to continue a favorite under such an awkward weight of unpleasant association. The thing is degrading to all parties, more so than the writer has any thought of; and her heroine is sunk still

lower by the contempt that is thrown on her betrayer, to whom we are first introduced as a fascinating lady-killer, but who develops into a pitiful, abject, blundering wretch, talking the lowest slang, and finally dragged through a horse-pond, in the very sight of Lady Isabel, who, we are so often told, had been endowed with a sensitively refined delicacy. This, no doubt, is all done for the moral; but what must the woman have been to sacrifice heart and soul to so poor a creature?

Some scenes there are of interest and of such power as belongs to thoroughly realizing a conception. The authoress is best in tragedy. She has a vivid picture before her, though of the sentimental sort. There are indeed no close touches as far as we see; nor anything of which we can say, "This is true to nature," but the situation is well sustained. At the close of the story the erring wife watches the deathbed of her boy, whom she dare not claim as her own child:—

"William (her dying child) slept on silently. She thought of the past. The dreadful reflection, 'If I had not—done—as I did, how different would it have been now!' had been sounding its knell in her heart so often, that she had almost ceased to shudder at it. The very nails of her hands had, before now, entered the palms with the sharp pain it brought. Stealing over her more especially this night as she knelt there, her head lying on the counterpane, came the recollection of that first illness of hers. How she had lain, and, in her unfounded jealousy, imagined Barbara the house's mistress. She dead—Barbara exalted to her place—Mr. Carlyle's wife—her child's step-mother! She recalled the day when her mind, excited by certain gossip of Wilson's—it was previously in a state of fever bordering on delirium—she had prayed her husband, in terror and anguish, not to marry Barbara! 'How could he marry her,' he had replied in soothing pity. 'She!—Isabel was his wife; who was Barbara? Nothing to them.' But it had all come to pass. She had brought it forth; not Mr. Carlyle—not Barbara; she alone. Oh! the dreadful memory of the retrospect. Lost in thought, in anguish past and present, in self-condemning repentance, the time passed on. Nearly an hour must have elapsed since Mr. Carlyle's departure, and William had not disturbed her. But—who is this coming into the room? Joyce.

"She hastily rose up, and, as Joyce advanced with a quiet step, drew aside the clothes to look at William. 'Master says he

has been wanting me,' she observed. 'Why—oh!'

"It was a sharp, momentary cry, subdued as soon as uttered. Madame Vine sprang forward to Joyce's side looking also. The pale, young face lay calm in its utter stillness; the busy little heart had ceased to beat. Jesus Christ had come, indeed, and taken the fleeting spirit.

"Then she lost all self-control. She believed that she had reconciled herself to the child's death; that she could part with him without too much emotion. But she had not anticipated it would be quite so soon. She had deemed that some hours more would at least be given him; and now the storm overwhelmed her. Crying, sobbing, calling, she flung herself upon him; she clasped him to her; she dashed off her disguising glasses; she laid her face upon his, beseeching him to come back to her, that she might say farewell—to her, his mother—her darling child—her lost William.

"Joyce was terrified, terrified for consequences. With her full strength she pulled her from the boy, praying her to consider, to be still. 'Do not, do not, for the love of Heaven! *My lady! my lady!*'

"It was the old familiar title that struck upon her fears, and induced calmness. She stared at Joyce, and retreated backwards, after the manner of one retreating from a hideous vision.

"My lady, let me take you into your room. Mr. Carlyle is coming; he is but bringing up his wife. Only think if you should give way before him! Pray come away!"

"How did you know me?" she asked in a hollow voice.

"My lady, it was that night when there was an alarm of fire. I went close up to you to take Master Archibald from your arms; and as sure as I am standing here, I believe that for the moment my senses left me. I thought I saw a spectre, the spectre of my dead lady. I forgot the present, I forgot that all were standing round me; that you, Madame Vine, were alive before me. Your face was not disguised then; the moonlight shone full upon it, and I knew it, after the first few moments of terror, to be, in dreadful truth, the *living one* of Lady Isabel. My lady, come away; we shall have Mr. Carlyle here."

"Poor thing, she sank upon her knees in her humility, her dread. 'O! Joyce, have pity upon me! don't betray me. I will leave the house, indeed I will. Don't betray me while I am in it.'

"My lady, you have nothing to fear from me. I have kept the secret buried within my own heart since then—last April! It has nearly been too much for me. By night and by day I have had no peace, dreading what

might come out. Think of the awful confusion, the consequences, should it come to the knowledge of Mrs. Carlyle. Indeed, my lady, you ought never to have come."

"Joyce," she said hollowly, lifting her haggard face, 'I could not keep away from my unhappy children. Is it no punishment to me, think you, the being here?' she added vehemently. 'To see him—my husband—the husband of another! It is killing me.'

"O my lady, come away! I hear him! I hear him!"

"Partly coaxing, partly dragging, Joyce took her into her own room, and left her there. Mr. Carlyle was at that moment at the door of the sick one. Joyce sprang forward. Her face, in emotion and fear, was one of livid whiteness, and she shook, as William had shaken, poor child, in the afternoon. It was only too apparent in the well-lighted corridor.

"Joyce," he exclaimed in amazement, 'what ails you?'

"Sir! master!" she panted 'be prepared;—Master William—Master William—'

"Joyce; not dead?"

"Alas! yes, sir."—*East Lynne*, vol. iii. p. 250.

When Lady Isabel is about to die, and it becomes necessary to inform Carlyle who has been his inmate all this while, the effect the news takes upon him shows a realization of the usual position: "The first clear thought that came thumping through his brain was, that he must be a man of two wives." Happily, the embarrassment does not last long, and the lady dies after an interview of penitence and explanation.

The same perplexity forms one main point in the hero's trials in the authoress's next work, "*Verner's Pride*." In this there is an estate of which we never know who is the master, and a lady of whom we cannot tell who is the husband, and, indeed, Lionel is put in about as delicate a dilemma, and his conscience as oddly tried, as we remember to have known it. He is represented as a person of peculiar scrupulous honor, yet we find him making two offers in one day—the one to the woman he likes, the other to an old love who had jilted him for some one else, for no reason at all that we can see, except that it occurred to him as the most convenient thing to do at the moment. Of course it is a fatal mistake, and he gets punished for his temporary hallucination. The lady is by no means ill drawn, only she is not worth drawing with the elaboration bestowed upon her.

Sibylla is silly and vain, a vulgar flirt, and ruinously extravagant, and a woman thus endowed, we all know, can say and do things called incredible. She tests her husband's heroic virtue and forbearance to the uttermost, and the moment comes when their seems a road of escape for him. A ghost appears on the scene who drives the rustics out of their wits, and presently convinces wiser observers that the lady's first husband (for Sibylla was a widow) was in life. The news reaches Lionel, and also the lady, who manifests very little concern at the reappearance, when she ascertains that whoever is her husband, she still remains mistress of *Verner's Pride*. Some persons of scrupulous mind recommend the withdrawal of the lady into retirement until the mystery is solved; but it seems considered a noble generosity in the hero that he stands by his wife, who, whenever she is in a pet, declares her preference for her first choice; though the whole point of the merit lies in the fact that he really likes the ill-used Lucy best, and, in fact, tells her so whenever they are together.

We have innumerable passages like the following:—

"He crossed over to her and laid his hand fondly and gently on her head as he moved to the door. 'May God forgive me, Lucy,' broke from his white trembling lips. 'My own punishment is heavier than yours.'"—*Verner's Pride*, vol. ii. p. 127.

After such scenes we find him indeed making amende to his wife, "My little wife, if you cared for me as I care for you," etc. etc., with the explanation—"And there was no sophistry in this speech. He had come to the conviction that Lucy ought to have been his wife; but he did care for Sibylla very much." The above fatherly and benedictory caress we observe to be coming very much into fashion upon paper, as a sort of disinfectant of questionable scenes, rendering harmless a good deal of flirtation which might otherwise be deemed of very doubtful propriety. In the matter of the ghost Lionel proved to be right, as the apparition turned out not to be the first husband, but an elder brother, also supposed to be dead, assuming his likeness. So Sibylla loses *Verner's Pride* after all, and tries her husband's indomitable patience, till she conveniently kills herself by going to a ball in a critical state of health. The story of course ends in the union of Lucy and Li-

nel, who agree that they have had long to wait for their present happiness, an ill-chosen word surely where a living wife has been a hindrance.

There is much in "*Verner's Pride*" entirely beneath criticism—irrelevant matter, awkwardly brought in and awkwardly expressed. Indeed, both in grace of style and aptitude to embrace the variety and poetry of any scene she describes, this writer in her best efforts falls greatly short of the two ladies we have classed with her, as illustrating a certain literary phase of our day—the Hon. Mrs. Norton and Miss Braddon—though the moral tone, in profession, and as entertaining the idea of duty when opposed to feeling, is superior to either.

Mrs. Norton's best friends are obliged to admit that her story, "*Lost and Saved*," is unfit for the drawing-room table, and ought to be kept out of the way of young ladies. In fact, in urging a great wrong upon the world, she is supposed to be compelled to disregard minor proprieties. The alleged purpose of the book is to show, that while the faults of women are visited as sins, the sins of men are not even visited as faults. She fights the battle of her sex by showing the injustice of the world, in its severity towards a certain class of errors, if committed by the helpless and the weak, and the tolerance of the same and much worse when perpetrated by the powerful and strong. Its highest morality as we see it, is that to sin with feeling is better than to sin without. There is the artifice of making a certain class of errors look light, by contrasting them with extremes of egotism, malignity, and positive crime; and the exigencies of the argument require society to be painted in the strongest and harshest colors. We observe that her admirers assume the leading characters to be, if not actual portraits, at least very intimate studies; and it is certainly more charitable to suppose that certain individuals are indicated by these "studies" than that they represent to the writer's mind the prevailing characteristics of noble and fashionable society in our own day. Mrs. H. Wood writes about great people in artless and transparent ignorance of the gay world she describes. Mrs. Norton cannot be ignorant, but something else may make her pictures as little trustworthy. When a writer has opportunities of knowing that he is writing about

superiors, perhaps, to his reader, that reader is apt to put on a deferential state of mind; but the deference may be wholly misplaced. If Sir Bulwer Lytton, though familiar with statesmen, may present to us the expansive exuberant prime minister we meet with in his novels, and nowhere else; if a college fellow draw a picture of university life absolutely at variance with his experience; and if a schoolmaster delineate impossible boys, then may a fine lady paint society such as she has never seen it, knowing better all the while, but doing it simply for amusement, or because there is wanting the power to see things as they are, or because a theory demands it, or the plot of a story must have it, or because it would be pleasant if it were so, or from disappointment, or temper, or malice. Any of these causes are, we see, sufficient to make an author reverse, and utterly defy his knowledge. In Mrs. Norton's case, it need only be that some bitter and angry soreness has tempted her to extreme limits of exaggeration and caricature. Her peeresses have certainly a body and a zone about them very different from the dressed-up milliners of courageous inexperience; but she shows them through distorted glass, and in blue and lurid lights. Hence a veritable glimpse of Pandemonium. While page after page denounces the ill nature, scandal, and harsh judgment of the world, what is technically called society is shown us in an aspect which might lead us to suppose we had opened a cynical French novel in mistake. There are the same horrors of profligacy attributed to a class, and the same shameless intrigue as the habitual practice of persons receiving the respect and homage of the world.

All vice seems to culminate in a certain Milly Nesdale. Milly is the wife of Lord Nesdale, and the mother of lovely children, whom she professes to foster and care for. She maintains the faint externals of duty and respectability and religion, but is in fact more of an atheist than M. About's hero who believed in *Fridays*, and has no more faith in Christianity than in Vishnu. Under a thin cloak of propriety she is a serpent, a witch, a fiend, betraying her trusting husband with malignant triumph, and doing and saying things which it is better to glance at than repeat. This lady is a universal favorite, courted by the hero's friends, as keeping him out of what their worldliness fears more, and

sustaining her credit and fascinations undisturbed to the end.

"And how the world loved Milly."

"For there is a little society in a corner called 'The Society for the Suppression of Vice,' but there is a much larger society for its protection; and in that larger society Right and Wrong do not signify, but Success and Non-Success."—*Lost and Saved*, vol. ii. P. 86.

And Milly is loved by the world in no ignorance of her real qualities. All her friends would have recognized her in the description—

"Her body was lithe as the liana, and her soul was the soul of the snake—rampant, watchful, cautious—till a safe noiseless spring and a sudden coil gave her her prey."—P. 88.

While to her lover, who listens to her treacherous and base words, lightened by—

"The wily Hindoo smile which still lingered in Milly's features; it seemed that he had sold his soul to a species of charming water-witch rather than given his heart to a woman."

The heroine, in contrast to this complicated wickedness, is a sweet, impulsive, highly gifted, unsophisticated girl, who is the victim of a mock marriage, which the world will not believe her to have been the dupe of. There is an air of this mock marriage being in deference to English prejudice. We cannot help thinking, had the story been written for French readers, it would have been dispensed with, for the whole tone of the book points to another state of things, and certainly pleads for those, unhappy and betrayed, who can pretend to no such extenuation. Otherwise, why hits, in the tone of the author of "No Name," at our "cruel laws," involving illegitimate children in "intolerable misfortune," for the ordinary victims of these laws have nothing to do with even the pretence of marriage. Moreover, when Beatrice learns that the so-called marriage was not legal, it makes no difference in her course of action; she waits where she is till the real marriage shall be performed. Mrs. Norton can draw a graceful picture of innocent, happy simplicity. Her heroine, though conventional, as are her father, her saintly sister, her midshipman brother, is often interesting. But she identifies her too closely with some

one else for the simplicity to be genuine; her language, when moved and excited, is that of a passionate woman of the world. There are curious experiences given to her, true we dare say, but which really come at a much later date than the heroine stage. We must own to some surprise, how any cultivated mind, refined by poetry, and even genius, can possibly reduce a heroine to such extremities of degradation as are brought about in Beatrice's search for a living, after she is abandoned by Treherne. The belief in intrinsic purity ought to preserve any favorite conception of the imagination from such contacts, such base suspicions; but, we believe, wherever there is unrestraint, whether the undisciplined element is found in a writer who talks of earls and marchionesses in blindest ignorance, or absolute knowledge, there is vulgarity: the vulgarity of recklessness as to exact truth, or its consequences: a resolution to say your say, to produce its effect, to prove your point, and to secure readers at all hazards. In this unrestrained spirit is executed the portrait of the Marchioness of Updown, with all the details of her "corpulence," her "snorting," and coarsely selfish *abandon*. It has the air of a caricature of some person unfortunate enough to have incurred a lively authoress's ill will, and as it stands, seems as little likely to be a correct likeness of an individual as it is of a class. However, the marchioness forms the life of some spirited scenes; and though she is one of the respectable people who sanction the disreputable Nelly, her own errors are so far in a presentable form, that we need not scruple to lay them before our readers. This great lady is aunt of the wicked hero, Montague Treherne, and had known Beatrice in her happier days. Now, through a humble companion and amiable dependent, who had helped Beatrice in her sorest need, she comes again, though unknowingly, in contact with her as the purchaser of some valuable lace. Some slight error of the much-bullied companion had flurried the great lady's temper. Beatrice, who is now a lace-cleaner, had not returned the precious fabric as soon as expected. The Marchioness of Updown, flustered and furbelowed, and accompanied by the policeman whom she had summoned, makes her way to the heroine's poor lodgings.

"The marchioness breasted the narrow staircase as though she were about to scale

the battlements of a surrendering fortress. 'Go before me into this den,' she said to Parkes, 'and show me where my lace is! I'm not going to be put off with false excuses any longer, I can tell you. Get me my lace. Mr. Sergeant, you are to follow me; you, John, stand at the door. We'll soon see if people are to be kept out of their property this way.' She pushed the door wide open as Parkes crept in before her; and Parkes had only time to murmur that she hoped Beatrice would not feel frightened; and to hear the word 'frightened' in proudest contempt, before the bulky and bulkily dressed marchioness stood in the small room."

Beatrice refuses to give back the lace, and returns the money which had been sent for it.

"'Ho!' almost screamed the marchioness; 'you dare, you bad, bad girl. Policeman, this is a bad girl who knew my nephew abroad, and tried to give me the plague. Take the lace from her. It's my lace; I bought it; I gave a hundred and seventy guineas for it. Take it from her; take her into custody. Take Parkes into custody; they are both accomplices.'

"Beatrice struck her open palm on the packet of bank-notes that lay on the table. 'Here,' she said, 'is the money you paid for that lace. I refuse to sell it to you. It is mine. This room is mine. Leave it.'

"'You wicked girl; you bold, bad hussy! I insist on my lace. You want to sell it to somebody else, because you're found out now. It was worth a great deal more than I gave for it! Oh, you cheat, you; but it won't do. I'll have my rights. Policeman, I bought lace; get me the lace. Search the place; take this young woman into custody. Why don't you take her when I order you?'

"The sergeant of police half smiled. He said in a deprecatory sort of manner: 'You see, my lady, if the young woman declines to receive the money, and won't part with the lace, I really don't know how I can act.'

"'She *did* receive the money; and the lace was mine, and I *will* have it! She's a cheat; her father was a cheat before her, and her brother fired at the queen; and I will have my lace!'

"Beatrice looked scornfully up at her; 'You selfish, prosperous, cruel woman,' she said. 'Tyrannize over your own household! this room is mine, humble as it is; it is no place for you. Go away and leave me in peace. The lace will never be yours. I sent it away this morning, and I will never let you have it again.'

"'Where? where? Policeman, make her say *where* she has sent it! You wicked toad, I don't believe you! I don't believe it's sent

away. You want to wear it, I suppose. You want to dress yourself up in frippery and finery to seduce more young men of good family, and try to get them to admire you, as you did my fool of a nephew. You seem to have had a pretty come down since then! Give me my lace,' shouted she, her rage apparently increasing in the dead silence, with which she was permitted to rise; and she made a sort of angry movement in advance, pushing the table at which Beatrice was seated.

"Come, come, my lady, there really must be none of this! Now do pray compose yourself. Your ladyship had better come away;—and the sergeant of police actually laid his hand on the august and obese arm, whose bracelets quivered with the wearer's passion.

"How dare you touch me, MAN!" gasped the marchioness. "If you can't do your duty, and take people into custody when you're told to take them, at least don't dare meddle with me, you impudent stupid."

"Policeman," said Beatrice, "I take you and the lady who is here present to witness, that I return to the marchioness of Updown the money she sent for the lace she desires to buy, and which I refuse to sell. I can bear no more of this: I have been ill for some time." And so saying, Beatrice vanished into a little bed-closet, from which a tiny staircase led to M. Dumont's workroom below.

"The marchioness positively shook with rage at her disappearance. She stood for a moment, her eyes glaring with amazement and anger. Then seizing the bank-notes in the envelope, and turning suddenly on little Miss Parkes, she said, 'I discharge you, you vile, you wicked minx! I discharge you. You are discharged! I hope you will starve. I sha'n't recommend you, I promise you. It's a pity you can't do like your beauty there, and wear lace and coral to make gentlemen fall in love with you. I discharge you, mind! I forbid you to come back. I'll have the doors shut upon you. Any rags you may have left in my house can be packed up and sent to you by Benson; and you don't deserve even that much kindness; nor—only your salary was paid yesterday—you would not get that, you cunning thief, you!'

"Come, come, milady," remonstrated the sergeant. "Really such words are actionable. I'm here to keep the peace, you know. Your ladyship mustn't forget yourself this way."

"You go away, man! I ordered you here—now I order you to go away. I order you away. You've done no good: you haven't got my lace; you let all these low people have the best of it; you won't take people into custody, though you're told ever so; and I don't want you any more. Go

away. John, call the carriage. John, do you hear me, or not?"

The marchioness returns to her splendid carriage, which had attracted a London mob.

"Into that carriage the baffled tyrant got, and was driven rapidly away, the sergeant of police saying quietly to a brother-constable—after giving vent to his feelings in a low whistle of contempt—'Curious now, ain't it, Brown, how like females are one to t'other? This one's a real marchioness, with a real sort of a marquis, dining with the queen, and all that, and here she's been a behaving for all the world like Betsy Blane, the fish-woman, as I had in the lock-up last night. She's as like her—as like as one oyster-shell is to another!' and the brother-constable gave a smiling grant of assent."—*Lost and Saved*, vol. iii. p. 20.

Nor does Mrs. Norton fail to make good her place in the modern sensational school, by conceiving scenes in its extremest development. Not only does she give us one peeress, a fishwife, and another carrying on correspondence which would sink her into lowest infamy, through the medium of advertisements in the *Times*' second column; but what has been called our Arsenical Literature has been enriched by a very thorough-going scene from her pen. The wicked peeress has, if possible, a more wicked aunt who has mated herself, not without a sense of degradation, to an honest attorney, superciliously indicated by his titled employers as "that fellow Grey." Mrs. Myra Grey shares some of that Hindoo blood, fruitful of intrigue, which gives a wild charm to her niece, and possesses an ivory jewel-lashed dagger with which she opens her husband's letters, and becomes possessed of his client's secrets. On one occasion she betrays knowledge thus surreptitiously obtained, and the consequences threatening to be disagreeable to herself, she proceeds, as though the means were at hand any moment, to poison an inconvenient witness. This is Maurice Lewellyn, the good genius of the story; he sits at her luncheon-table previous to an interview with her husband, but refuses to eat.

"Take at least a glass of wine—let me mix you some sherry and seltzer-water."

He bowed and stretched out his hand for the tumbler, struggling for at least some outward courtesy to this cunning and corrupt woman. She filled it and moved slowly away.

"Mr. Grey's youngest boy burst merrily into the room—"I say, papa—where's papa? ain't he coming out this fine Sunday?"

Then seeing the guest, he came up smilingly, and said, "Give me some of your wine for a treat."

"May you?" said Maurice.

"Oh, yes, papa gave me some last Sunday for a treat."

"Maurice held the glass to the child's lips. Mrs. Myra Grey was settling some flowers on the mantel-piece: she heard the boy's last words.

"Gave you what?" she said, turning towards them. Then she darted forward, and exclaiming, "O my God!" she vehemently seized the child by both arms and drew him back from Lewellyn.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with a strange smile, "but my children never taste wine."

"O mamma—last Sunday."

"Come away, you are a naughty riotous boy, and must go up-stairs." She led the child away. As she opened the door, Lewellyn heard her say, "Did you swallow any of it? Spit! spit out upon the door-rug," and the child said, "La! mamma, I had not even got my lips to the glass when you pulled me away."

Lewellyn, who is an acute lawyer, has his suspicions, and in her absence takes out of his pocket an empty flask, and pours into it half the contents of the tumbler. When he gets home he administers the mixture to a dog, which after some hours, dies of convulsions. In the meanwhile, a second guest, Montague Treherne, the betrayer of Beatrice, arrives at the same luncheon-table, and, after angry words with Mrs. Myra, drinks off the remaining contents of the tumbler—a curious thing, by the way, for a very fastidious fine gentleman to do. The lady witnesses the act.

"Her eyes were riveted upon the glass in his hand. Her countenance assumed a strange expression of mingled defiance and terror. As he turned angrily from her, and ran down the stairs with the light quick step that was habitual to him, she passed her handkerchief, dipped in water, over her own forehead with a slight shudder.

"Born!" she said, in a sort of frightened whisper. "Both! what shall I do?"

"Then rising once more, with a ghastly face, she proceeded carefully to rinse the goblet out of which he had drunk, the glass Maurice had used, and the small decanter that stood by them."—*Lost and Saved*, vol. iii. p. 249.

Montague Treherne sails next day in his yacht, is seized with spasms, procures the assistance of a doctor who pronounces it poison, not cholera as the sailors had supposed, and dies. The doctor brings the body to England, and informs Lewellyn of his opinion. Lewellyn has his strong suspicions, which might in fact be certainties, but—

"What end, indeed, could it have served to bring to doubtful trial, and probable acquittal, the wife of the family solicitor? . . . to disturb with an immense scandal the society in which Montague and his relatives moved; and to receive no guerdon, when all was done, but resentment and reproach from his family?"—Vol. iii. p. 296.

The murderess, therefore, is let alone, learns caution, and along with all the other bad people of the book, is taken leave of by the reader in unabated prosperity and confirmed social credit and standing. "The marchioness is still the person who occupies most attention (and most space) at all the balls given by royalty and by the subjects of royalty." And Nelly, in spite of a letter to her angry and malignant aunt, which sounds like an imprudence, is in greater favor with her husband and the world than ever. Beatrice is taken up and restored to society by kind friends, marries an Italian count, not handsome, but with a voice, "unutterably sad, unutterably sweet," who has been forsaken by his wife, and the curtain closes on the young mother hanging over the cradle of her baby. For calm, serene, domestic felicity, the very last thing these heroines of many stormy adventures are fit for, is always the haven assigned to them. It is easier, in fact, to turn nun, hospital nurse, or sister of mercy, to take up and carry through the professed vocation of a saint, than to work out the English ideal of wife, mother, and presiding spirit of the house, after any wide departure from custom and decorum; and it is one of the most mischievous points of a bad moral that leads the young and inexperienced reader to suppose otherwise.

If Mrs. Norton attacks apparent and recognized respectability, professes to unmask false pretences, and shows that the worst people are those most in the world's good graces, Miss Braddon, the first and, at present, pre-eminent sensation writer, sets herself to defy and expose the real thing. Her bad people don't pretend only to be good: they are respectable; they really work, nay slave, in

the performance of domestic duties and the most accredited of all good works. The moral proper of her stories may be good or bad; as thus,—Lady Audley is wicked, and comes to a bad end; Aurora Floyd does a hundred bad things and prospers in spite of them, both in her own fate and in the reader's favor; but the real influence of everything this lady writes is to depreciate custom, and steady work of any kind whatever; every action, however creditable, that is not the immediate result of generous impulse. She disbelieves in systematic formal habitual goodness. She owns to a hatred of monotonous habit even in doing right. She declares for what she calls a Bohemian existence. She likes people to be influenced by anything rather than principle and cold duty; in fact, nerves, feeling, excitement, will, and inclination are the sole motive powers of every character she cares for. The person who goes on day after day doing stated duty-work because it is duty, not because she likes it, is a monster to her, a something hardly human. She regards such an one (that is in her books) as a painful, oppressive phenomenon. Not believing in the pleasures of habit of any sort, she can no more understand that there may be alleviations, hopes, nay positive joys, in a life of conscientious observances than could Timothy's Bess, in "Adam Bede," conceive it possible for life to have a single satisfaction to a person who wore such a cap as Dinah's. The recoil from dullness is evidently too strong, and all regularity, all day by day uniform occupation is dull to her; and she has such a way of putting it that we confess there is danger of its seeming dull to the reader also.

In a story now coming out, this feeling is shown in the portrait of a clergyman's daughter working her father's parish. Olivia is a model visitor of the poor—a sort of typical and transcendent district-visitor—who never lets a day pass unimproved, who allows no impediments, still less her own ease, to interfere with the work and duty before her. Most people learn to like such occupations even if not congenial; habit and the sense of usefulness make them more than tolerable. Olivia hates them with an ever-growing hatred, and they turn her into a fiend. Of course there is a good deal about the work not being done in a right spirit, being done as duty, not in love; but this is a conspic-

uous salve, a necessary reservation, which does not seem to us to mean much. Any woman plodding in good works as Olivia does, would produce a shudder and revulsion in such a mind, be she ever so earnest and sincere in her task. And to those outside we grant this sort of life does seem a dull one. Miss Braddon, no doubt, finds abundance of young readers to echo her sentiment, though habit coming upon a sense of usefulness makes such lives more than tolerable, the happiest of all lives to those that live them. In fact, Olivia represents the "moral man" as familiar to us under the handling of a certain class of preachers, saying prayers, reading the Bible, going three times a day to church:—

"Mrs. Marchmont made an effort to take up her old life, with its dull round of ceaseless duty, its perpetual self-denial. If she had been a Roman Catholic she would have gone to the nearest convent, and prayed to be permitted to take such vows as might soonest set a barrier between herself and the world; she would have spent the long weary days in perpetual ceaseless prayer; she would have worn deeper indentations upon the stones already hollowed by faithful knees. As it was she made a routine of penance for herself, after her fashion; going long distances on foot to visit her poor when she ought to have ridden in her carriage; courting exposure to rain and foul weather; wearing herself out with unnecessary fatigue, and returning footsore to her desolate home, to fall fainting in the strong arms of her grim attendant Barbara. But this self-appointed penance could not shut Edward Arundel and Mary Marchmont from the widow's mind. Walking through a fiery furnace, their images would have haunted her still, vivid and palpable, even in the agony of death. . . . No good whatever seemed to come of her endeavors, and the devils, who rejoiced at her weakness and her failure, claimed her as their own. They claimed her as their own."—*Temple Bar*, February, 1863, p. 157.

Olivia Marchmont to be sure was impeded not only by a wild, indomitable passion, but by a fund of unused energy and genius. She is one of Miss Braddon's favorites, possessing—

"The ambition of a Semiramis, the courage of a Boadicea, the resolution of a Lady Macbeth."

She was—

"Devoured by a slow-consuming and perpetual fire. Her mind was like one vast roll

of parchment whereon half the wisdom of the world might have been inscribed, but on which was only written, over and over again, to maddening iteration, the name of Edward Arundel. . . .

"Olivia Marchmont might have been a good and great woman. She had all the elements of greatness. She had genius, resolution, an indomitable courage, an iron will, perseverance, self-denial, temperance, chastity. But against all these qualities was set a fatal and foolish love for a boy's handsome face and frank, genial manner. If she could have gone to America, and entered herself amongst the feminine professors of law and medicine—if she could have set up a printing-press in Bloomsbury, or even written a novel—I think she might have been saved."
—P. 477, April, 1863.

But even where there is not this disproportionate greatness of soul, where the task is in exact measure with the worker, Miss Bradon shows an equal repugnance to the humdrum and to the ordinary feminine ideal. Her odious females are all remarkable for conformity to the respectable type, whether as "religious women doing their duty in a hard uncompromising way," or writing a "neat" letter, or cutting their husband's bread and butter, or "excelling in that elaborate and terrible science which woman paradoxically calls plain needlework."

Three things seem to have aided in this war against steady, unexcited well-doing, a familiarity at some time or the other with the drudgery of learning, and an equal familiarity with horses and with theatricals, not simply play-going, but life behind the scenes. Her heroines have all been disgusted by a routine education, some in their own person, some inflicting it on others. It is an excuse for Aurora's flight from school with her father's groom, that she was kept strictly to her lessons. Lady Audley was teacher in a school; Olivia Marchmont imposes an intolerable amount of dates, Roman history, and all the rest, on her hapless charge; and Eleanor, in "Eleanor's Victory," on one happy holiday—

"Looked back wonderingly at the dull routine of her boarding-school existence. Could it be possible that it was only a day or two since she was in the Brixton schoolroom hearing the little ones, the obstinate, incorrigible little ones, their hateful lessons—their odious, monotonous repetitions of dry facts about William the Conqueror and Buenos

Ayres, the manufacture of tallow candles, and the nine parts of speech."—*Once a Week*, p. 335, March, 1863.

The ordinary, well-educated young lady; the flower and triumph of civilization, who has mastered her lessons, the languages, the history, the difficult passages in the sonata in C flat, and liked them all, is alternately an object of amusement and contempt. In contrast with the glowing Aurora, we have a good-natured portrait of the model heroine of another school, learned in geography and astronomy and botany and chronology, and reading one of the novels that *may* lie on a drawing-room table. "How tame, how cold, how weak, beside that Egyptian goddess, that Assyrian queen, with her flashing eyes and the serpentine coils of purple-black hair."

"The long arcades of beech and elm had reminded him from the first, of the solemn aisles of a cathedral; and coming suddenly to a spot where a new arcade branches off abruptly on his right hand, he saw, in one of the sylvan niches, as fair a saint as had ever been modelled by the hand of artist and believer—the same golden-haired angel he had seen in the long drawing-room at Feldon Woods—Lucy Floyd, with the pale aureola about her head, her large straw hat in her lap, filled with anemones and violets, and the third volume of a novel in her hand. A High Church novel, 'it is explained,' in which the heroine rejected the clerical hero because he did not perform the service according to the Rubric."—*Aurora Floyd*, vol. ii. p. 16.

How different from this serene inanity the unrestrained "expansive natures," unchecked by system of any sort, whose youth has been suffered to run wild, do what they like, form their own opinions, get into scrapes, and compromise themselves while still in their teens, which charm this writer's fancy! Nothing is so purely conventional an idea as that young girls untaught or ill-taught can be graceful or attractive, however favorite a notion it is with writers of fiction. But this clever, bright writer can describe an untethered, vagrant, slipshod existence with touches of truth, with admissions of the necessary condition of such an existence, which give a greater air of reality to her pictures than we often see. Thus, her Eleanor, whose childhood has been passed with a disreputable, self-indulgent spendthrift of a father, with whom she had lived in occasional luxury and

habitual destitution, whose companion has been a good-natured, slovenly scene-painter and theatrical supernumerary, who is now, at fifteen, a teacher in a third-rate boarding-school, shows in the following pretty picture nothing at variance with her bringing up. The health and spirits of the solitary girl are exciting the spleen of the sea-sick passengers of the Dieppe steamer:—

"Eyes dim in the paroxysms of sea-sickness had looked almost spitefully towards this happy, radiant creature, as she flitted hither and thither about the deck, courting the balmy ocean-breezes that made themselves merry with her rippling hair. Lips blue with suffering had writhed as their owners beheld the sandwiches which this young school-girl devoured, the stale buns, the flat raspberry tarts, hideous, bilious, revolting three-cornered puffs, which she produced at different stages of the voyage from her shabby carpet-bag. She had an odd volume of a novel, and a long dreary desert of crochetwork whose white cotton monotony was only broken by occasional dingy oases, bearing witness of the worker's dirty hands; and they were such pretty hands, too, that it was a shame they should ever be dirty; and she had a bunch of flabby faded flowers, sheltered by a great fanlike shield of newspaper; and she had a smelling bottle which she sniffed at perpetually, though she had no need of any such restorative, being as fresh and bright from first to last as the sea-breezes themselves."

It is in the existence of the real with the impossible that this writer's power lies. This tart-loving child of fifteen is the girl who, three days later, devotes herself to vengeance, and lives for years in the unchanging hope of seeing the sharper who got her father's money hanged through her instrumentality. People are apt to think, though it is no such thing, that the knowledge of ordinary custom-loving human nature is a much easier thing than knowledge of the waifs and strays of humanity, and this lady's experiences are ostentatiously of this exceptional kind. She would have us think that she views human nature generally in a scrape. Thus, she will ask, as if familiar with detectives and their mode of noting down their pencil memoranda, When they begin their pencils? and "how it is that they always seem to have arrived at the stump?" Again one of her characters is intoxicated: "his head is laid upon the pillow, in one of

those wretched positions which intoxication *always* chooses for its repose," as though she had seen so much of it. And it is with people in a scrape, or ready at any moment to fall into one, that she sympathizes. Blind passion gets them into difficulties, blind trust carries others along with them; and *trust* is a quality in wonderful favor with some people, as it indeed ought to be with all the heroines of the Aurora type—a trust which leads the big Yorkshireman thus to declare himself, in answer to the insinuations of the envious and respectable Mrs. Powell:—

"'You are a good husband Mr. Mellish,' she said with a gentle melancholy. 'Your wife *ought* to be happy,' she added, with a sigh, which plainly hinted that Mrs. Mellish was miserable.

"'A good husband!' cried John; 'not half good enough for her. What can I do to prove that I love her?—what can I do? Nothing—except to let her have her own way. And what a little that seems! Why if she wanted to set that house on fire, for the pleasure of making a bonfire,' he added, pointing to the rambling mansion in which his blue eyes had first seen the light, 'I'd let her do it and look on with her at the blaze.'"*Aurora Floyd*, vol. ii. p. 237.

The whole idea of life and love in writers of this class is necessarily mischievous and, we will say, immoral. Independent of the fact that "John" was duped by his wife all this time, that she knew her first husband was living and that therefore she was not his wife, the picture of the relation between these two is one really incompatible with the weight and seriousness of matrimonial obligations. There is a praise and sympathy for unreasoning blind idolatry very likely to find response in young readers, whether of the vain or romantic type; and the better it is done—the more sweetness and feeling is thrown into it—the more dangerous if it gets a hold, and keeps its ground. Husbands and fathers at any rate may begin to look about them and scrutinize the parcel that arrives from Mudie's, when young ladies are led to contrast the actual with the ideal we see worked out in popular romance; the mutual duties, the reciprocal forbearance, the inevitable trials of every relation in real life, with the triumph of mere feminine fascination, before which man falls prostrate and helpless. Take the following scene.

Aurora has to go up to London to buy off the interference of her real husband the groom, whom her father supposes to be dead, and of whom her husband knows nothing. The idolizing father welcomes her to the disturbed and interrupted dinner:—

"Aurora sat in her old place at her father's right hand. In the old girlish days Miss Floyd had never occupied the bottom of the table, but had loved best to sit by that foolishly doting parent, pouring out his wine for him, in defiance of the servants, and doing other loving offices which were deliciously inconvenient to the old man.

"To-day Aurora seemed especially affectionate. That fondly-clinging manner had all its ancient charm to the banker. He put down his glass with a tremulous hand to gaze at his darling child, and was dazzled with her beauty and drunken with the happiness of having her near him.

"But, my darling," he said by and by, "what do you mean by talking about going back to Yorkshire to-morrow?"

"Nothing, papa, except that I *must* go," answered Mrs. Mellish, determinedly.

"But why come, dear, if you could only stop one night?"

"Because I wanted to see you, dearest father, and talk to you about—about money matters."

"That's it!" exclaimed John Mellish, with his mouth half full of salmon and lobster sauce, "that's it!—money matters! That's all I can get out of her. She goes out late last night and roams about the garden, and comes in wet through and through, and says she must come to London about money matters. What should she want with money matters? If she wants money, she can have as much as she wants. She shall write the figures and I'll sign the check; or she shall have a dozen blank checks to fill in just as she pleases. What is there upon this earth that I'd refuse her? If she dipped a little too deep and put more money than she could afford upon the bay filly, why doesn't she come to me instead of bothering you about money matters? You know I said so in the train, Aurora, ever so many times. Why bother your poor papa about it?"—*Aurora Floyd*, vol. ii. p. 139

So far as real life sees, or ever has seen anything like this, it is among the Cleopatras and other witch-like charmers who have misled mankind; not among wives and daughters of repute in Christian or even in heathen times. No doubt discipline, self-restraint, and moral training, stand in the way of this

fascination: in every conspicuous example these have all been wanting; still there are people, no doubt, to agree with the sporting community of Doncaster, who, we are told, one and all liked Aurora all the better for breaking her whip over a stable-boy's shoulder, and who are led willing captives by the varied and opposite manifestations of unchecked feeling, passion, and impulse, when there is beauty and grace enough to smooth over and conceal their real repulsiveness.

The series of books before us happen to be from female pens, and sensation writing in their hands takes a peculiar hue. Thus with them, love is more exclusively the instrument for producing excitement, and they have the art of infusing greater extravagance of sentiment in its expression. A certain Mr. Fulford has complained bitterly that Miss Braddon has stolen the outline of one of his novels, and has reproduced incident after incident in "*Lady Audley's Secret*" with scarcely the affectation of disguise; the real bitterness of the transaction lying no doubt in the fact that his precursory tale had been too little read for the plagiarism to be known to any but the two authors. The successful appropriation of another's plot no doubt shows that quality of prompt assimilation attributed to Aurora, "who was such a brilliant creature, that every little smattering of knowledge she possessed, appeared to such good account, as to make her seem an adept in any subject of which she spoke." This is no doubt a power of the feminine nature, to take in at a glance, and to make apparently her own, what has cost hard labor to slower though original, thinkers. Probably nobody could read Mr. Fulford's book; we do not pretend to have heard of it, but he makes out an excellent case, which just proves Miss Braddon's dramatic power. Playwrights take anybody's story—it belongs to them to make it fit for the stage; and the world is essentially a *stage* to Miss Braddon, and all the men and women, the wives, the lovers, the villains, the sea-captains, the victims, the tragically jealous, the haters, the avengers, merely players. We could extract pages, fit, as they stand, for the different actors in a melodrama, vehemently and outrageously unnatural, but with a certain harmony which prevents one part exposing the other.

We ought possibly to apologize to the

readers of a theological review for intruding on their notice scenes with certainly no direct bearing on the subjects to which its columns are as a rule devoted. But we have thought it well to enter our protest against the form of fiction most popular in the present day, because we conceive it to fail both positively and negatively in the legitimate uses of fiction. Negatively, because it asks least from the sense, feeling, and thought of the reader; and positively, because instead of quickening

the imagination it stimulates a vulgar curiosity, weakens the established rules of right and wrong, touches, to say the least, upon things illicit, raises false and vain expectations, and draws a wholly false picture of life. Every true and honest observer of human nature adds something to the common experience, but if anything new is to be learnt from the sensational novel, as far as our observation goes, it is in that field of knowledge which emphatically is not wisdom.

In an article on "Literary Piracy" in the *American Publishers' Circular*, of the date May 15, an attempt is made to turn the table against British authors and publishers who have complained of the piracy of British books by Americans. "We take the liberty," says the writer, "of asserting as an undeniable fact that there is no living English author of established reputation, whose works are extensively republished in this country, who is not freely and properly, compensated by the American publisher. Our knowledge of the large publishing houses in New York, Boston, and this city (Philadelphia), and the information they have kindly furnished us upon the subject, enable us to make our assertion with confidence. Our readers may rely upon it. Compensation is the rule. Large prices are paid in gross for advance sheets, or a quasi-copyright is paid upon the copies sold. The fact is, there is a competition for the publication, and our representative houses are constantly outbidding each other for the privilege of exclusive republication. As illustrations of our statement, we may say that Macaulay, Carlyle, Tennyson, Dickens, Bulwer, Collins, Reade, the author of 'Adam Bede,' De Quincy, Thackeray, Hughes, the Brownings, Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Mulock, Stanley, Boyd, Lyell, Spurgeon, Mrs. Wood, Dr. Brown, the representative of Sir William Hamilton, the representative of Hugh Miller, and others, have all received compensation from their American publisher." The writer then proceeds: "Our English critics 'reck not their own rede.' They sermonize us about piracy, while they themselves, true to their Norse origin and sea-king propensities, are plundering around our literary coast, like the vikings of old, in search of what they may devour. When, pray, within the last ten years, have they reciprocated our liberality by forwarding a check to an American author? Our books are freely republished by the generous Britons; but we have yet to learn when recently the writers of them have been compensated. There is no such instance within our knowledge or information. It is not the rule of the trade in England to pay American authors, although it is our rule to pay her authors. We cannot forbear a single illustration. There is

now in London a popular rhapsodical preacher, whose sermons have been largely republished in this country, but whose temporary fame will be eclipsed by that of the inspired rhapsodist who may succeed him in popular favor. There dwells in this quiet city of Philadelphia an erudite student of the Scriptures, whose commentaries thereon give instruction to clergymen and sabbath-school teachers wherever our language is spoken. Yet, while Spurgeon has received as much as 5,000 dollars in one year from his publishers in this country, Albert Barnes, although his notes have sold to the extent of several hundred thousand copies in Great Britain, has never been favored by the English publishers with a penny." Comments in the same strain are then made by the writer on the existing state of the English law regarding copyrights of works by American authors. From the very day, it is said, when, by a decision of the House of Lords (Aug. 5, 1854), the possibility of copyright by Americans in Britain was upset, and thus American authors in Britain were reduced to the same condition as British authors in America, British publishers ceased to offer any compensation to American authors when reprinting their works. If the facts of this American writer are correct, it would appear that, whereas American publishers find it worth while on system to purchase early sheets of British works, and have established an understanding among themselves by which the purchaser of such early sheets is not interfered with by his brother-publisher, British publishers have not yet found it worth while to establish any such system for the purchase of early American sheets. But the American writer's facts may be disputed.

Miss BEWICK has just issued, through the agency of Messrs. Longman & Co., "A Memoir of Thomas Bewick, written by himself." The work is embellished with numerous unpublished wood-engravings.

THE third and fourth volumes of the late Sir Francis Palgrave's "History of Normandy and England" are now in the press.

From The Edinburgh Review.

1. *Memoirs communicated to the Royal Geographical Society, June 22d, 1863.* By Captain Speke.
2. *Anniversary Address, May 25th, 1863.* By Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, K.C.B., President of the Royal Geographical Society.
3. *Papers communicated to the Ethnological Society, June 30th, 1863.* By Captain Augustus Grant.

THE two captains sent by the British Government, at the solicitation of the Royal Geographical Society, to discover the sources of the Nile, have been more fortunate than the two centurions despatched by Nero on a similar errand. There may exist doubts as to the exhaustiveness of their search; there may prove to be other tributaries of the Nile flowing from the east or from the west, from more distant fountain-heads than Speke and Grant have seen; but this much appears certain, that these explorers have traced the trunk stream of the river of Egypt to its exit from the Lake Nianza, and that a southern limit of latitude has also been determined, within which the tributaries of the lake must necessarily lie.

The most striking popular fact to be deduced from the present exploration is, that the Nile is far the longest river in the world, at least in one of the two senses of that epithet. When we measure its deposed predecessor, the Mississippi, in a direct line between its mouth and the head of its remotest tributary, we find the distance to be about 1,740 miles; the corresponding measurement of the Nile is no less than 2,380. If, on the other hand, we care to measure the course of either stream in its main features, by following their principal bends with a pair of compasses, we obtain 2,450 for the Mississippi, against 3,050 for the Nile. We have not patience to inquire into the minute meanderings of either stream; indeed, the exceedingly tortuous course of the upper part of the latter river is still unmapped with accuracy. There is no other river on the globe that links such different climates as the Nile, none that is so remarkable for its physical peculiarities, none that is clothed with equal historical interest, and none that has so attracted or so baffled the theorist and the explorer. Let us state, in a few words, the slow steps by which its investigation had hitherto advanced, before we narrate the ad-

ventures of the party by whom it has, at length, been accomplished.

All the world knows that tourists may sail readily up the Nile from its mouth, if they wish it, to the second cataract, a distance of seven hundred and fifty miles, neglecting the meanderings of the river; and they also know that a further course of seven hundred miles, partly navigable with ease and partly with great difficulty, takes the traveller to Khartûm, where the Blue and White branches combine. Their united volume forms the identical stream that intersects the whole breadth of the Sahara with a thread of habitable land; for not a single tributary, except the Athâra—and that is almost dry in summer, while its mouth is barely one hundred and eighty miles below Khartûm—adds anything to its volume. Bruce reached Abyssinia at the end of the last century. He acted upon the erroneous conclusion that the Blue River was the more important of the two arms. He accordingly devoted himself to exploring the Lake Dembea, whence it derives its source, and therefore he claimed the honor of having discovered the fountain head of the Nile. The Blue River was certainly the more important stream of the two, speaking socially, for it led to Abyssinia, and its banks were populous; while the White Nile led due south into morasses, and to the haunts of barbarians. There is life in the waters of the former, as they swirl past Khartûm, clear, blue, and sparkling, like a vast salmon-stream; but the huge White Nile has a forlorn and mere-like character. The size of its mouth is masked by an island; and when its undivided waters have been entered, they seem so stagnant as to suggest the idea of a backwater to the Blue Nile, rather than a sister affluent. But its breadth and depth more than compensate for the sluggishness of its current; and we now know, by better measurements than the contemporaries of Bruce were enabled to take, that its greater volume of water, as well as its far superior length, justly mark it to be the parent stream of the river of Egypt.

The White Nile was wholly neglected until M. Linant made a short expedition up it for one or two hundred miles, in 1827. His report of its size, and of the ivory, gums, and other savage products that were procurable on its banks, inflamed the curiosity and the greed of the Egyptian Government, who were

then bent on extending their dominions. They sent out expeditions during three successive years, in which Arnaud and Werne took part, and explored the river for far more than one thousand miles of water-way, terminating at or about Gondakoro, which we have at length ascertained, through Speke's observations, to be in lat. 4 degs. 54 min. N. and long. 31 degs. 46 min. E. Fifty or sixty miles above Gondakoro, the navigation of the river is absolutely interrupted by rapids and rocks.

Henceforward, and by slow degrees, the White Nile became a highway for competing traders, who formed stations near its banks, and trafficked in ivory and slaves. They had little power to convey geographical knowledge, and, for the most part, they had strong pecuniary interest in withholding what they knew; so that our acquaintance with the river, in a scientific point of view, was out of all proportion inferior to its value and accessibility.

Praiseworthy attempts have been made by individuals, who were mainly incited by the earnest appeals of the French Geographical Society, and especially of its late venerable president, M. Jomard, to explore beyond Gondakoro, and to map the neighborhood of the river; but they met with scanty success. Our maps of the high Nilotic countries are compromises of exceedingly different representations, mostly devoid of any astronomical basis; and the farthest exploration of the most successful traveller, Miani, reached only to a point which Speke has now ascertained to be in lat. 3 degs. 34 min. N. As for the extraordinary sketch of Petherick's route, which that traveller laid down upon paper with a free hand, and without the slightest astronomical check, we dismiss it from our consideration. It is wholly unproved, and is, in many respects, improbable.

The failure of travellers from Gondakoro was mainly due to the distance of that place from Khartûm, whence all supplies had to be drawn, to the wretched quality of Khartûm servants, and to the disorganized and poverty-stricken character of the country immediately beyond Gondakoro. A traveller could obtain no porters at that place, beasts of burden did not exist, yet a strong party was essential to security and progress. Success was only possible to an able leader, who could command means to take out with him

an imposing expedition, so completely organized as to be independent of the natives.

While progress languished on the White Nile, and geographers were periodically tantalized and disappointed by scraps of intelligence published in the bulletin of the French Geographical Society, an entirely new base of operations was suggested to future travellers. Two missionaries, Krapf and Rebmann, directed by religious caprice, selected a small town on the east coast of Africa as their station. It is called Mombas; it lies a little to the north of Zanzibar, and in lat. 4 degs. 4 min. S. They established themselves there, learnt native languages, made journeys to the interior, and published an account of what they had seen and heard. They astonished European geographers by the assertion that they had found two snow-capped mountains, whose position they fixed at an extravagant distance from the coast. Unfortunately for their credit, their narratives were too loosely recorded to endure a searching criticism; their itineraries were discussed, and their journeys were shown to have extended only a half or a third of the distance they had claimed to have accomplished. Fanciful conclusions were also interwoven with their statements of fact. In consequence of these serious inaccuracies, a misgiving unjustly attached itself to the whole of their story. They were bitterly assailed on many sides; some persons asserted the mountains to be myths, and others believed them to exist as peaks of moderate altitude, whitened by quartz or dolomite. There were but a few who, while they acknowledged the missionaries to be unscientific, recoiled from accusing them of intentional misstatement, and refused to believe that a native of German Switzerland, like Rebmann, should mistake the character of so familiar an object as a snow mountain, when he had spent many days in its neighborhood, and walked partly round it. We now know that the latter view was the correct one; but, at the time of which we are speaking, discussions grew exceedingly warm, and further exploration was urgently called for in Eastern Africa.

The next incident that bears upon our subject was the appearance of a map, wholly compiled from native information by Major Rebmann, with the assistance of another missionary, Mr. Erhardt. It included a vast territory, reaching from the eastern coast to

the medial line of Africa, and was founded on the statements of travellers by several caravan routes, which were said to run parallel to one another, from the coast to the interior, at one hundred and fifty miles apart, and to end, in every case, on the shores of a lake. Other information connected the routes by cross sections, and made it probable that the three lakes were one continuous sheet of water, prolonged into the Lake Maravi of the older maps. The memoir that accompanied the missionaries' sketch was composed with great ability, and could not fail to convince readers that, notwithstanding the improbability of the existence of a sheet of water of the egregious dimensions and unnatural outline ascribed to it in the sketch, there was undoubtedly a lake country of great extent at some sixty days' journey from the eastern coast, and that more than one road to it lay perfectly open to any traveller who chose to make the effort.

The labors of Mr. Cooley are too well known and too numerous to need recapitulation here. He had advocated a long narrow lake, stretching down Eastern Africa; but his arguments were based on travels that were little known to the English public, and were raised on an almost too ingenious critical basis. The same may be said, with more or less truth, of the arguments of the Abyssinian traveller, Dr. Beke, and of a crowd of others who entertained various hypotheses on the geography of various parts of Eastern Africa. They had not the influence they deserved. It was perhaps natural that the simple statements of men writing from Africa itself, who were able to converse with numbers of travellers, including the native captains of caravan parties, who were, of all negroes, the best qualified informants, should impress the majority of geographers with a greater air of reality than learned discussions, elaborated within the sound of Bow Bells.

The discoveries, speculations, and maps of Krapf, Rebmann, and Erhardt, obtained a wide circulation, and induced theorists to suppose that the snow mountains of the missionaries were identical with the Mountains of the Moon, spoken of by Ptolemy, whence the Nile was said to rise; and they argued, on that hypothesis, that an expedition should be sent from Zanzibar to seek the sources of that river. On the other hand, there were

many who urged an investigation of the Lake question, as one of great geographical interest and apparently easy solution. In fine the Geographical Society successfully exerted itself to procure the despatch of an exploring party to Eastern Africa, to find out what they could: hence, Burton and Speke's expedition to Lake Tanganyika in 1857-9. It will be recollected that Burton, the leader of the party, suffered severely from an illness during the whole of the journey, against which he gallantly but unsuccessfully struggled. Consequently, on his arrival at Kazeh, the half-way station between Lake Tanganyika and the coast, and an entrepôt of some importance, whence a trading route diverges to the north, he despatched Speke on a solitary expedition. He was to follow that route, and to visit a great lake called Nyanza, which was clearly one of the separate lakes which the missionaries had believed to be united in one continuous sheet of water. Speke went, and reached the southern shores of an enormous inland sea in lat. 2 degs. 45 min. S. and long. 33. degs. 30 min. E., and therefore at a distance of four hundred and eighty geographical miles from Gondakoro, and about four hundred from the highest point to which the White Nile had been ascended by Miani. Recollecting this fact, and being informed that the lake extended some four hundred miles in that direction (it actually does extend more than two hundred), and that it had a northern outlet in a river frequented by white men, Speke came to the conclusion that the river must be the Nile, and therefore that the Nyanza (or as he was pleased to call it, with questionable taste, the Victoria Nyanza) was, in a proximate sense, its long-sought source.

The present expedition of Captains Speke and Grant was planned to investigate that hypothesis. It was undertaken with the help of Government aid, granted at the earnest solicitation of the Geographical Society, and has proved the truth of Speke's theory. We will now proceed to relate the chief incidents and the geographical results of their protracted journey.

Captains Speke and Grant left Zanzibar in October, 1860, after having despatched a caravan of natives in advance, to form a dépôt of goods and travelling necessaries at Kazeh. The expedition was arranged on a liberal scale, though it was prepared under

serious disadvantages, owing to the delays that always intervene between the time when hope is held out of Government support, and the day when it is finally given. Speke's preparatory arrangements were thrown sadly out of gear by the procrastination of officials at home, and his start was unduly hurried at the last moment. It was, in fact, retarded until the most favorable season of the year had passed. They started with a motley caravan, consisting, first, of sixty armed men from Zanzibar, who were engaged to serve them throughout the journey, and who carried the travellers' personal luggage; next, came an army of local porters, laden with goods of exchange, such as beads and calico; and to these was added a curious detachment which had been pressed upon them, with the kindest intentions, by Sir George Grey, then Governor of the Cape. It consisted of a number of Hottentot soldiers. They were an utter and a costly failure; for the difference of climate between their native droughts and the steaming vegetation of the coast opposite Zanzibar, was too great for their constitutions to withstand. Many died, and the others were useless from ill health, as well as from their ignorance of the language, habits, and method of locomotion of Eastern Africa, and they had to be sent back. Some mules and donkeys were taken, but they also proved a failure. The great journey had to be performed on foot.

No African caravan-track could have been less obstructed than the road to Kazeh, when Speke travelled along it in the company of Burton: on the present occasion, the face of Fortune seemed steadily set against him. A drought and famine of remarkable severity afflicted the whole extent of Eastern Africa, and produced the well known fruits of disorganization and political troubles among the native tribes. It also happened that a chief of importance had died, and the question of his succession was disputed by arms. In short, the two travellers pushed through far more severe impediments than they had reckoned upon, before even Kazeh was reached; and, on attempting to proceed farther, they were attacked and plundered. Speke became seriously ill, and Grant, who at that time was detached from him, with a portion of the remaining stores, could barely hold his own. Communication with Zanzibar was expected to be cut off, and matters wore for a

time a very alarming aspect. However, the two friends effected a junction, and contrived to fall back on Kazeh, and to reorganize their party by obtaining a new set of porters and fresh interpreters. They then recommenced their journey in October, 1861, just one year after leaving Zanzibar, with restored health, better prospects, and lighter hearts. Thus far we had heard from them *via* Zanzibar, but not a scrap of intelligence of their subsequent fate reached even the confines of the civilized world, until the two travellers emerged at Gondakoro, on the White Nile, on February 15, 1863.

Of the two routes from Kazeh by which the northern end of Lake Nyanza may be reached, a person who was merely guided by his map, might conclude it was a matter of indifference whether a traveller should follow the eastern or the western shore of the lake. But when political causes are taken into consideration, it is found that the eastern route is wholly impracticable. It passes through the territory of a warlike and disunited people, the Masai, with whom no traveller has yet succeeded in making friends. They possess no paramount chief, whose good will can shield the explorer throughout an extensive country, but every tribe is independent in its own domain, and probably on ill terms with its neighbors. Thus, the Baron Von der Decken, who measured and ascended the missionaries' snow mountain, Kilimandjaro, to a height of 13,000 feet, has recently been driven back by the Masai, on attempting to enter their territory from the eastern side. The western and north-western shores of the lake are subject to very different political conditions. They are included in the territory of Uganda, and one despotic sovereign holds them under his strict control. He also maintains a fleet of war-canoes on its waters. He is, therefore, all-powerful to aid or to thwart a traveller, and it was to his court that Speke and Grant intended to proceed, in order to gain his assistance.

Thus far, say one hundred and twenty miles north-west of Kazeh, the travellers had journeyed among the Wanyamesi and other uninteresting negroes, who are said to have been formerly included in a kingdom of some importance. They are now scattered in tribes and families, where each man does what is right in his own eyes, subject to no restriction beyond the self-imposed restraint of

superstitious customs and the personal interference of his neighbors. The single principle they possess, that attains to the dignity of a national policy, is a tacit understanding that travelling parties should be taxed and robbed by individuals, only so far as will fall short of putting a stop to the caravan trade altogether. It is cold comfort to acknowledge that this is an advance upon the doctrines of the Masai. Now, however, on the western shores of Lake Nyanza, Speke and Grant came upon a series of strong governments, including that of Uganda, and found their history to be of considerable interest.

Scattered among the Wanyamesi, and other neighboring races, are found families of a superior type to the negro. They exist as a pastoral people, but in other respects they adopt the customs of the races of Africa. They bear different names in different places, but we will describe them by that which has the widest currency, namely, Wähūmā. Speke considers them offshoots of the Gallas of Abyssinia, and of Asiatic origin. He believes they migrated in somewhat ancient times in bands from Abyssinia, and met with various fortunes. In some countries, as in Uniamesi, they were simply mingled with the natives; but in those he was about to visit they had achieved the position of a ruling caste, though quite insignificant in numbers, when compared to the negroes whom they ruled. Such was first found to be the case in Uzinli, a small country governed by a robber, the terror of Arab traders, which lies eighty miles to the west of the south end of Lake Nyanza. Speke and Grant traversed Uzinli with the greatest difficulty, and thence made their way to the capital of the hospitable Wahuma, King of Karagwé, which lay two hundred and fifty miles from Kazeh and seventy miles west of the lake. Uganda lies north of Karagwé, and is rarely visited by traders from Zanzibar. It was Speke's aim to make a favorable impression on the more accessible King of Karagwé, and to avail himself of his good will in obtaining a satisfactory introduction to his powerful neighbor. Rumanika, the King of Karagwé, keeps up his state with some magnificence, and has the bearing and the liberal ideas of a gentleman. His country is a fair undulating land, partly 6,000 feet above the sea, and elsewhere sloping to the lake. His

cattle cover the hills in tens of thousands. His rule is strict, and his people are thriving; but as the peculiarities of Wahuma governments were more noteworthy in Uganda, we will reserve the description of them just at present.

Speke quitted Karagwé on the 1st of June, 1862, escorted by a guard sent by Rumanika, and carrying a friendly letter of introduction to M'tése, the King of Uganda.

Many are the difficulties of African travel, due to physical and other causes, that readily suggest themselves to any one, such as heat, rains, privations, and unruly attendants; but these may be overcome by any man who is gifted with a strong constitution, determination, and patience. The greatest difficulty of all depends on other causes, over which no traveller, however well qualified, has more than a limited control. There is the accident of the tribes among whom he travels, being at peace or at war with each other, and that of a despot's caprice being favorable or unfavorable to his progress. Wherever active warfare is carried on, the road is almost hopelessly closed between the contending parties; wherever there is peace, the suspicion of a ruler is aroused by the arrival of a stranger, on a doubtful errand to traverse his territory. He suspects his mission to be espionage, he trembles lest enchantments should ensue, and is quite sure that covert danger of some kind or other is to be apprehended, if the traveller is allowed to move about as he pleases.

Land journeys of great extent, in Africa, can only be made, either when the road is freely open to caravans, as was the case in Burton and Speke's expedition to Tanganyika, or when the good-will of a chief has been obtained who enjoys such power and prestige that his escort or even his name, is a sufficient passport. The latter was the good fortune of Livingstone, and such was also the happy luck of Speke, whose power of managing natives seems to be unsurpassed by any recent traveller, and unequalled save by Livingstone. It also happened that the Wahuma kings, especially the King of Uganda, had a motive in letting him pass; they desired the establishment of trading routes with the stations visited by white men. They live in considerable semi-barbaric state, and have, as we shall presently see, a more refined taste than is usually heard of in negro Africa.

Their wants are in advance of the productive skill of their people, though these are raised many degrees above barbarism; for instance, to show their advance in mechanical arts, the native blacksmiths have sufficient skill to inlay iron with copper. The King of Karagwé has not unfrequently received European manufactures by way of Zanzibar, though his rascally brother of Uzinli lays an almost prohibitive black mail on whatever passes his territory. The king of a yet more northern Wahuma State than Uganda, by name Unyoro, of which we have not hitherto spoken, but which abuts on the negro tribes in the neighborhood of Gondakoro, occasionally obtained goods that had been conveyed by whites on the Nile; but none of these ever reached M'tése, the King of Uganda, except as noteworthy presents from his neighboring brother-sovereigns. It naturally followed that he felt an eager desire to open a commercial route in both directions, and was thrown into a ferment of joy at the news of Speke's arrival. Little did M'tése know of the evil of uncontrolled traffic with a powerful and unscrupulous race. When Speke saw the doings of the Turkish traders at Gondakoro, and witnessed their plunder, their insolence, and their cruelty, he regretted bitterly that the word "trade" had ever passed his lips to tempt his kind-hearted host in Uganda.

Speke's route lay through vast reedy plains parallel to the west shores of the Nyanza. He crossed deep, stagnant channels every mile, and one great river, which seemed to him as full of water as the White Nile itself, flowing swift and deep between banks of dense stiff reeds, impenetrable except through certain tortuous paths. This river may therefore be reckoned as the parent stream of the Nyanza lake; or, in other words, the river of Karagwé is the true head-water of the Nile.

Uganda occupies the whole of the north-western shoulder of the lake, whose shores are of the shape of a schoolboy's peg-top. The peg-end is directed due south, and looks on the map very like an ancient outlet, in a southern direction, into an adjacent tributary of the Tanganyika Lake. Its geographical position is 2 degs. 30 min. S. lat. and 33 degs. 30 min. E. long. The flat, upper boundary of the lake closely coincides with the equator, and from its very centre, and also at the frontier of Uganda, the Nile issues in a stream

one hundred and fifty yards wide, with a leap of twelve feet. Numerous other outlets of the lake (if in truth they be not independent rivers), converge upon the Nile at various distances, one of which does not join it till after an independent course of ninety miles from the lake. One hardly knows where else to find an example of such hydrographical conditions. When a river runs into a lake or the sea, it has always a tendency to divide itself in many channels, because it deposits mud and forms a delta; but Speke's map presents that same appearance of many channels in connection with an outflow of the river, which is certainly a very unusual, as it is an unintelligible condition. The lake is heavily bordered by reeds, and continues exceedingly shallow far from shore; no boats venture to cross it. Uganda is bounded by the main stream of the Nile, which Speke followed, more or less closely, the whole way from Nyanza to Gondakoro, a distance of near 5 degs., say three hundred and fifty miles, with the exception of one part where it makes a great and remarkable bend. At the middle of the bend the river is said to dip into the northern shoulder of the Luta Nzigé, a narrow lake of some two hundred miles in length, and to reissue immediately. There is some confusion about this name, though none about the water it refers to. Luta Nzigé, which is said to mean neither more nor less than "dead locust," was applied by the natives to many sheets of water, including the Nyanza itself. Speke identifies the lake of which we are now speaking by the phrase "little Luta Nzigé." The travellers were compelled by circumstances to cut across the chord of the above-mentioned bend, a distance of eighty miles, and to leave the Luta Nzigé unvisited: but we are exceedingly glad to hear that this single deficiency in their exploration, is in a fair way of being supplied by the zeal of an excellent traveller, Mr. Samuel Baker, to whose proceedings we shall shortly recur, and who has started from Gondakoro for that purpose. It is the more necessary that this interval should be examined, as there is an unaccountable difference of altitude of the river before and after the bend, amounting to 1,000 feet. If there be no error of observations, a vast system of rapids and waterfalls must intervene.

It aids our conception of numerical data to measure them by simple standards; those

that refer to the Nile are thus to be easily disposed of. That river spans, from south to north, very nearly one fifth of the entire meridional arc, from pole to pole; and its general course is so strictly to the north, that its source in the river of Karagwé is due south of Alexandria. Khartûm is the exact half way between the sea and the exit of the Nile from the Nyanza, which lies almost exactly under the equator.

Having thus far anticipated the narrative of Speke's personal adventures by alluding to some of the main features of the country, we will proceed to fill in the picture by further details. Karagwé occupies the eastern slope of a plateau 6,000 feet above the sea. Conical hills, of which M'fumbiro is the highest and most central, are scattered about the plain, but there are no mountain giants and no continuous range. Westward of the plateau the watershed is into a small lake called the Rusizi, lying between the parallels of 1 deg. and 2 degs. and in about the 30th deg. E. long. An affluent of Lake Tanganyika proceeds due southwards from this lake, consequently the amphitheatre of mountains that has been pictured in some maps round the northern end of the Tanganyika must be removed, or be so far cut away as to admit of the river's entry. An east and west distance of one hundred and fifty miles separates the Rusizi from the Nyanza. The next tribute to geographical science, collected by Speke from native information, is that the Tanganyika has a large outlet at its southern extremity, which feeds the Niassa of Livingstone, and therefore reaches the sea by way of the Shiré and the Zambesi. This new fact, if fact it be, ranks as a signal triumph to common sense, in the face of the former observations of Burton and Speke, who navigated some distance down the Tanganyika, but never were within one hundred and fifty miles of its supposed end. They insisted, upon native evidence, that a river ran *into* it at that place, not out of it. Consequently, the Tanganyika, though a fresh-water lake, was described as resembling the Dead Sea, a sheet of water without any outlet whatever that gets rid of the water poured into it by means of evaporation only. It was objected, on their arrival in England, that two facts were also stated, irreconcilable with such an hypothesis; namely, that while, on the one hand, the periodical rains fell heavily and continuously during half

the year, when no evaporation took place, so, on the other hand, there was no variation in the level of the lake, as ascertained at the wharves of the fishermen. It was wholly impossible that a half-yearly supply and loss of water should be accompanied by an unvarying level. The statement now brought back by Speke is in accordance with physical science, as well as the maps of Cooley and of the missionaries.

We have thus far arrived at the fact, that the high table-land, one hundred and twenty miles across, of which M'fumbiro is the centre, is drained on the east by the tributaries of the Nyanza, and therefore of the Nile, and on the south-south-west by those of the Tanganyika, and therefore of the Zambesi. There is also strong reason to believe, from the information brought by Speke, as well as from the appearance of the map and the conclusions of previous African geographers, that the sources of the Congo are to be found there also. Hence we may conclude that from this circumscribed district the waters drain into the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean, and the Atlantic, and that the M'fumbiro plateau is the key-stone, the *omphelos*, of African geography. We consider this fact, if fact it be, as the greatest discovery made by Speke and Grant.*

The theory of Sir Roderick Murchison, that the interior of Africa is an elevated watery plateau, whence rivers escape by bursting, through a circumscribing mountainous boundary, must now be received with some limitation. It was literally true in the case of the Zambesi, but facts are still wanting to test its strict applicability to the Congo; and, as to the Nile, the following remarks were made by Sir Roderick in his Anniversary Address to the Royal Geographical Society:—

* It deserves observation that De Barros, one of the best informed of the Portuguese geographers, whose work was published in 1531, and is quoted by Dr. Beke in his "Essay on the Sources of the Nile," (p. 40.), speaks of a great lake in the interior as sending forth three rivers, namely, the Taeny or Nilo, the Zaire or Congo, and the Zambesi or Cuama. He says, "The Nile truly has its origin in this first lake, which is in 12 degs. S. latitude, and it runs four hundred miles due north, and enters another very large lake, which is called by the natives a sea, because it is two hundred and twenty miles in extent, and it lies under the equator." The people on this lake are described as more civilized than the people of Congo. Though not strictly accurate, this ancient statement is an approach to what has now been ascertained to be the truth.

"Modern discovery has indeed proved the truth of the hypothesis, which I ventured to suggest to you eleven years ago, that the true centre of Africa is a great elevated watery basin, often abounding in rich lands, its large lakes being fed by numerous streams from adjacent ridges, and its waters escaping to the sea by fissures and depressions in the higher surrounding lands. It was at our anniversary of 1852, when many data that have since been accumulated were unknown to us, that, in my comparative view of Africa in primeval and modern times, I ventured to suggest that the interior of Africa would be found to be such an unequally elevated basin, occupied now, as it was in ancient geological periods, by fresh-water lakes, the outflow of which would be to the east and to the west, through fissures in subtending ranges of higher mountains near the coast. While this theory was clearly verified in Southern Africa by Livingstone in the escape of the Zambesi, as narrated by himself, and is well known to be true in the case of the Niger, so does it apply to the Nile, in as far as the great central lake, Victoria Nyanza, occupies a lofty plateau of 3,500 feet above the level of the sea. In this example, as the waters flow from a southern watershed, and cannot escape to the east or the west, there being no great transversal valleys in the flanking higher grounds, they necessarily issue from the northern end of the Lake Victoria Nyanza, and, forming the White Nile, take advantage of a succession of depressions, through which they flow and cascade."

We, therefore, see that the watery plateau which was described as extending to the Niger, in western longitudes, is terminated by the equator in the eastern portion of Africa.

We learn, in addition, that the exceptional character of the Nile is shared in a very much more remarkable degree by the Tanganyika, Niassa, and Shiré valleys. The Tanganyika occupies a crevasse of some three hundred miles in length, comparable in its narrowness and abruptness to the Valley of the Dead Sea. In exactly a similar way, the Niassa and the Shiré, occupy a continuous north and south chasm, that has already been traced by Livingstone to a distance of four hundred and fifty miles. Now that we hear of a connection existing between the Tanganyika and Niassa, we may reasonably suppose that its channel runs through a similar fissure. The length of the entire series, from the Rusizi to the Zambesi, is nearly 1,400 miles in a direct line.

Bearing these extraordinary facts in mind,

the great feature of Eastern Africa consists in a more or less marked groove, occupied by water-channels. It runs right through the continent from north to south, beginning at Alexandria and ending where the land narrows into the promontory that terminates with the Cape Colonics. It cleaves the eastern shoulder of Africa from the rest of the continent, much as Arabia is cleft from Africa by the long and narrow Red Sea. So, again, to adduce another example from a neighboring country, the deep and continuous Valley of the Jordan, Dead Sea, Wady Araba, and the Gulf of Akaba, is formed by an abrupt fissure possessing no less than three watersheds,—that of the sources of the Jordan in the north, and those of the Wady Araba, whence the drainage is to the Dead Sea on the one hand, and to the Gulf of Akaba on the other. It is remarkable that our globe presents so close a repetition of the same peculiar fissures in several neighboring places, and it strongly tempts us to refer their production to the same class of physical agencies.

Another important acquisition in geography, for which we are indebted to this and the previous expedition, consists in a greatly improved knowledge of the water-supply to Central Africa. It is undeniable that, owing to the great majority of travels, in recent years, having been confined to the Sahara, the Karoos, and the Kaliharri, an impression has forced itself on the popular mind that the whole interior of Africa is arid. But it is an error to suppose that this opinion was current among educated geographers; their fault lay in the opposite direction. The only approach, in recent times, to a belief in the aridity of any part of Africa, which subsequent facts disproved, lay in the question of the northern boundary of the Kaliharri Desert. It was a surprise to geographers when Livingstone showed to them that it was *abruptly* bounded by a swampy land, full of large rivers; but in reference to the general question of the moisture or drought of equatorial Africa, the exceeding humidity of its coasts has unduly influenced opinion, as to the character of its more distant interior.

To take a single example, we will quote a few lines from a masterly sketch of African geography in the first volume of Bruce's "Travels," which appeared at the beginning of this century. It was written by his editor,

Dr. Murray, and will be found in the appendix on the Galla races—those people from whom Speke theoretically derives the Wahunas:—

“The scanty knowledge we possess of the eastern and western shores of Africa, in the region of the Line, would lead us to suppose that the central country is mountainous, intersected with deep and extensive valleys and large streams, whose banks have all the wild luxuriance of warm rainy climates. All the kingdoms that lie round the Gulf of Guinea are well watered, and, consequently, fertile in a high degree. South of these, the countries of Loando, Congo, Ngolo, and Benguela, where the Portuguese have settled, merit a similar character, which undoubtedly may be extended across the interior to the countries of Mozambique, Querimba, and Zanzibar, on the opposite eastern shore. . . . All the interior of Africa between the tropics must be full of rivers, woods, and ravines, on account of the rains which inundate it during the winter season. Accordingly, we observe abundance of streams in these latitudes, which enter the ocean on either side.”

The error of more recent geographers has lain in the same direction. Thus, in Keith Johnston's “Physical Atlas,” the chart of the distribution of rain ascribes an amount of precipitation in equatorial Africa, little inferior to that observed in similar latitudes elsewhere in the world. The humidity of the coasts of Africa corroborated this view, and the outpour of water from its interior did not disprove it. The river drainage of Africa was known to be large, while our imperfect knowledge of the river mouths along its coasts, made it probable that the outpour was still greater than had actually been ascertained. Africa used to be described as a land in which we knew of the existence of vast rivers, but were ignorant of their embouchures. The Niger of a generation back, the Zambesi, the Limpopo, and the great river of Du Chaillu, are all instances where the streams were known by exaggerated reports, but their mouths, where nautical surveyors might gauge the water they poured into the sea, were undiscovered.

The hydrology of Eastern Africa is now pretty well understood; it depends upon well-marked geographical features. A narrow coast-line is bounded by the rampart-like edge of a high plateau: the rain-bearing monsoons blow parallel to this ridge, and not across it; consequently there are heavy rains

on the coast-line, and a comparative drought to a considerable space beyond. On passing about a quarter of the distance across Africa, and on arriving at the meridian of the lakes, rain again begins to fall freely, but its amount, as measured by Grant's rain-gauge, bears no comparison to the deluge that descends in similar parallels, either on the great oceans, or on the islands that lie within them, elsewhere in the world.

Whatever water the rivers of a country may pour year by year into the sea, must have been derived from it, on the average, within the same periods. Now it is clear, from geographical considerations, that Africa is unfavorably disposed to receiving rain-bearing currents from the ocean. The existence of the Sahara to the north, and the Kaliharri Desert to the south, makes it impossible that vapor supplies should reach the interior in a straight line from the sea in either of those directions. Again, we have already said that the monsoons blow parallel to the east coast, and we should add, that the trade winds blow parallel to the west coast; consequently, the vapor that reaches the interior must be derived from limited directions, and can only be conveyed by the comparatively insignificant channel of upper atmospheric currents. We consequently find that the vegetation of Central Equatorial Africa is, on the whole, not so moist and steaming as that of its coasts, but that it is largely characterized by open plains and scraggy mimosa trees; and though the flatness of large portions of its surface admits of the ready formation of great lakes and reedy plains, there is an absence of that vast amount of suspended vapor which would ensue from African temperatures, if the air were saturated with moisture. The chief cause of the rise of the White Nile must not be looked for in the swelling of the Nyanza Lake. The rain-fall was found to be too continuous throughout the year to make any very marked alteration of its level; but south of the latitude of Gondakoro, the division of the rainy and dry season begins to be sharply defined. We should therefore mainly ascribe the rise of the White Nile to the rain-fall north of about 3 degs. N. lat.

We will now turn from considerations of physical geography to the history and character of the races among whom Speke and Grant have been so long familiar. It seems

clear to us that in no part of Africa do the negroes present so few points of interest, as in the country which stretches between the lakes Tanganyika and Nyanza and the eastern coast. But on arriving at the three Wahuma kingdoms, which enclose the western and north-western shores of the latter lake, a remarkable state of social and political life arrests the attention. Two at least of these Wahuma kingdoms have the advantage of being ruled with a firm hand, and, as we have already stated, the three are governed by a stranger dynasty, of a higher race than the people who compose the bulk of their respective nations. This is no exceptional occurrence in Africa: the great kingdoms of North African negroland which now, or formerly, stretch in a succession of blocks below the Sahara, from the Niger to the Nile, have been for the most part founded by alien races. It is hard to overrate the value of such a political condition to a negro population, who are servile, susceptible, and little able to rule themselves. The negro is plastic under the influence of a strong, if it be a sympathetic, government, to an extent of which our northern experiences can afford no instance. The recent growth of national dignity among the Italians is a feeble parallel to what may be effected, in the same time, by the conversion of a barbarian chief to the Mahometan creed. The impressionable character of the negroes is such as may be seen in a school of European boys, which is immediately infected by bad example and negligent discipline, and almost as rapidly raised in moral tone by the influence of a capable master. We Anglo-Saxons stand too far from the negroes, socially, morally, and intellectually, to be able to influence them like the Arabs, the Tawareks, or these Wahumas.

The eagerness of the African to be led, and his incapacity to lead, is such that any able and energetic man, who can hold his own for a few years, appears to have a good chance of founding a kingdom and originating new customs and names. The political state of the African negroland seeths with continual agitation. The Niger countries have been known to us little more than forty years, yet that short space of time has witnessed the introduction of an entirely new race, the Fellatahs, and the construction of an enormous aggregate of Fellatah kingdoms, not only on the foundation of previously existing govern-

ments, but also by the annexation of barbarian races. So in South Africa, the Kafir tribes of the earlier travellers, have changed their names; they and their Hottentot, Negro, and Negroid neighbors dwell within largely modified frontiers; half-caste breeds of the Hottentots have flourished and become absorbed, while another somewhat adulterated Hottentot race, the Namaquas, are become the most powerful of any native race. The remainder of Africa is known to us so lately, that we have nothing but recent tradition and circumstantial evidence to guide us; these, however, suffice to confirm our assertion. The negroes are continually grouping themselves in fresh combinations, to an extent that may remind us of a pack of cards, variously dealt over and over again into different hands. The story of the Wahuma nations is quaint and characteristic; we will describe that of Uganda.

Many generations ago, a great kingdom of negroes, ruled by Wahuma chiefs, was established in the country now divided among Karagwé, Uganda, and Unyoro. That portion which bordered the lake, and is now called Uganda, was considered as the garden of the whole, and the agriculturists who tilled it, were treated as slaves. Then a man named Kiméra, himself a Wahuma, who was also a great hunter, happened to frequent for his sport, the Nile near its outflow from the Nyanza. The negro natives flocked to him in crowds, to share the game he killed, and he became so popular that they ended by making him their king. They said their own sovereign lived far off and was of no use to them. If any one sent him a cow as a tributary present, the way to his palace was so long that the cow had time to have a calf on the road, and the calf had time to grow into a cow and to have a calf of its own. They were therefore determined to establish a separate kingdom: Kiméra became a powerful and magnificent king, and formed the kingdom of Uganda. He built himself a vast enclosure of large huts, as a palace; he collected an enormous harem to fill them. He made highways across the country, built boats for war purposes on the lake, organized an army, legislated on ceremonies, behavior, and dress, and superintended *hygiène* so closely, that no house could be built in his country without its necessary appendages for cleanliness. In short, he was a model king,

and established an order of things which has continued to the present day, through seven generations of successors, with little change. He was embalmed when he died, his memory is venerated, and his hunting outfit, the dog and the spear, continue to be the armorial insignia of Uganda.

Kiméra left at his death an enormous progeny, to whom his people behaved as ruthlessly as if they had been disciples of Mr. Carlyle, or as a hive of some imaginary species of bees might be supposed to treat their too numerous royal grubs. We do not learn what became of the girls, but the boys were sumptuously housed and fed, and when they grew up were royally wived; but they were strictly watched and kept asunder, lest they should intrigue. The most promising youth of the lot was elected king; the two *proxime accessant* were set aside as a reserve in case of accident, and then the people burnt to death, without compunction, every one of the remaining princes. The people have certainly been well ruled under this strict system of artificial selection, and the three Wahuma kings are every one of them more than six feet high.

Uganda is described as a most surprising country, in the order, neatness, civility, and politeness of its inhabitants. It would be a pattern even for Zanzibar; but M'tése's reign is a reign of terror. It is an established custom that there should be one execution daily. The ceremonies and rules of precedence of the Court of Uganda, as in that of the other Wahuma courts, are minutely defined, and are exacted under penalty of death. The first among the dignitaries of state is the lady who had the good fortune to have acted as monthly nurse to the sovereign's mother. After this Mrs. Camp, follow the queen's sister and the king's barber. Then come governors of provinces and naval and military commanders; then the executioners (who are busy men in Uganda), and the superintendent of tombs; lastly the cook.

In a lower grade are juvenile pages to look after the women, and to run upon errands: they are killed if they dare to walk. In addition to these is an effective band of musicians, who drum, rattle gourds with dry peas inside them, play flutes, clarionettes, wooden harmoniums, and harps, besides others who sing and whistle on their fingers. Every person of distinction must constantly attend on

his sovereign, or his estates are liable to be utterly confiscated. He must be decorously dressed in a sort of toga, made from the pounded bark of the fig-tree, for he is fined heavily or killed outright if he exhibits even a patch of bare leg. What a blessing trousers would be to them! These bark cloaks are beautifully made, and look like the best corduroy; they are worn over robes of small antelope skins sewn together with the utmost furrier's art. Every courtier's language must be elegant, and his deportment modelled upon established custom. Even the king is not free; Wahuma taste exacts that whenever he walks he should imitate the gait of a vigilant lion, by ramping with his legs and turning from side to side. When he accepts a present from a man, or orders a man a whipping, the favored individual must return thanks for the condescending attention, by floundering flat on the ground and whining like a happy dog. Levees are held on most days in the palace, which is a vast enclosure full of life. It occupies the brow of a hill, and consists of gigantic grass huts, beautifully thatched. The ground is strewn with mats and with rushes in patterns, and is kept with scrupulous care. Half-gorged vultures wheel over it, looking out for victims hurried aside to execution. The three or four thousand wives of the king inhabit the huts and quizzed Speke's party. There is a plenty to do at these levees, both in real work and in ceremony. Orders are given, punishments adjudged, presents received. Military commanders bring in the cattle and plunder they have taken; artisans bring their *chefs d'œuvre*; hunters produce rare animals, dead and alive, Kiméra, the first king, having established a managerie. Pages are running about, literally for their lives, and the band of drummers and peagourd rattlers, and artistes whistling on their fingers, with the other accompaniments, never ceases to play. The king has, however, some peace. He sets aside three days a month to attend to his religious ceremonies. He possesses a collection of magic horns, which he arranges and contemplates, and thereby communicates with a spirit who lives deep in the waters of the Nyanza. He also indulges in the interpretation of dreams. At other times he makes pilgrimages, dragging his wives after him; on which occasions no common man dare look at the royal procession. If any peeping Tom be seen, the inevitable

pages hunt him down and rob him of everything. Occasionally the king spends a fortnight yachting on the lake, and Speke was his companion on one of these occasions. M'tése, the king, is a young man of twenty-five, who dresses scrupulously well, and uses a pocket-handkerchief. He is a keen sportsman, and became a capital shot at flying game, under Speke's tuition. He told Speke that Uganda was his garden, and that no one might say nay to him. Grant, we may mention, had been ill, and remained five months at Karagwé, while his colleague had gone forwards to feel the way.

Speke established his position at the court of Uganda by judicious self-assertion and happy audacity. He would not flounder on his belly, nor whine like a happy dog. He would not even consent to stand in the sun awaiting the king's leisure at the first interview, but insisted on sitting in his own chair with an umbrella over his head. The courtiers must have expected the heavens to fall upon such a man, but they did not; and, in the end, M'tése treated him like a brother, and the two were always together. Savage despots have to be managed like wild beasts. If the traveller is too compliant, he is oppressed, thwarted, and ruined; if he is too audacious, the autocrat becomes furious, and the traveller is murdered, like Vogel in Wadai.

Though Speke was treated with the utmost friendliness at Uganda, living entirely at the king's expense, his movements were narrowly constrained, and he never seems to have left the immediate neighborhood of the palace, except on the one occasion when he was yachting with M'tése, who would not allow him to explore the lake more thoroughly. He was detained month after month, according to the usual fate of African travellers, and finally effected his departure with difficulty. Other reported facts on the geography of the land had now transpired. The southern end of the Lake Luta Nzigé was one hundred or one hundred and fifty miles due west of the northern end of the Nyanza, and therefore on the equator; and another small lake, the Baringo, was described due east of the Nyanza, and so far connected with it that the canoes of the Uganda people sailed there for salt. Its outlet was said to be the Asua, a small river which joins the Nile above Gondakoro, near the farthest point reached by Miani. It would appear from the map, that

if Kenia and Kilimandjaro send any of their drainage waters to the White Nile, it must be by way of the Baringo. Hence, whatever snow-water may be contributed to the White Nile must be poured into it through the Asua River.

After Speke and Grant had left the capital of Uganda, they travelled with an escort; Speke diverged directly to the Nile, which he struck fifty miles from the lake. Speke then ascended the river, and traced it to its exit from the Nyanza, and afterwards returned down its stream in canoes. We pass over the particulars of his journey, though it was, personally, eventful to him. His boats were unexpectedly attacked, while he was still in Uganda, and he forced his way through considerable dangers. Finally, he reached the capital of Unyoro, the third and last of the great Wahuma kingdoms.

His reception by the king was unfriendly. The Unyoro people are sullen, cowardly, and disobliging, and their habits afford a disagreeable contrast to the sprightly ways and natty dress of their neighbors in Uganda, whom Speke compares to the French. He and Grant spent many dreary months at Unyoro, in lat. 1 deg. 40 min. N., before they were allowed to proceed. The king would never permit them even to enter his palace: he was always at his witchcrafts. They were first threatened by the Unyoro people and then by their Uganda escort, who endeavored to take them back. Half of their porters deserted them. It would weary the reader to follow the travellers' narrative of their truly African miseries in this inhospitable land. They were felt the more acutely because the bourne of their journey was close at hand, and many things denoted the neighborhood of the races and localities known to travellers from the north. Negroes were seen in Unyoro, speaking an entirely new class of languages, which Speke's own interpreters could make nothing of. One single language in modified dialects, had carried the travellers the whole way from Zanzibar to Unyoro; now they were on the frontier of the northern tongues. These new races were barbarians, absolutely naked in their own land, and wearing a mere scrap of clothing in Unyoro, out of deference to Wahuma habits. Rumors reached the travellers of white traders at no great distance from them, on the river, and they chafed at their detention. They sent forward the chief of their

Zanzibar men, Bombay by name, who has already figured in Burton's and Speke's writings. He returned firing his gun, frantic with delight, and dressed in new clothes. He said he had been to the Turks, who were encamped eight marches south of Gondakoro. At length, after daily anxieties and heart-sickness, a partial permission came for their departure, and the explorers made a joyful escape. It was impossible for them to follow the river, for a brother of the King of Unyoro occupied its banks, and was at war with him; they took a direct line, across country, to Gondakoro, which led them along the chord of that bend of the Nile, to which we have already alluded. When they again struck the river, they found themselves in a Turkish camp, at 3 degs. 10 min. N. lat. It was an ivory station, made by men in the employment of Debono, and established a short distance south of the farthest point reached by Miani. They were rapturously received, and Speke's men abandoned care and got drunk for a week. The Turks were preparing to start for Gondakoro, with the ivory they had bartered, and Speke waited till they were ready, for he was absolutely unable to get on without assistance. The Bari people among whom they were residing, are so disunited, that no village possesses a body of porters sufficient in number to travel securely by themselves; nor could they be spared to go, for if they attempted to do so, the comparative weakness of the villagers who staid at home would invite the attack of their neighbors. The Turks moved in a great caravan; they wanted some 2,000 porters, so they exacted a certain quota from every village, by which means they got their men, and the balance of power among the natives was not disturbed. In this despotic, effective way, Speke was enabled to reach Gondakoro. He was, however, thoroughly shocked by the recklessness with which stolen cattle and plundered ivory were bought, and with the exactions and terrorism that are made to administer to the demands of the Turkish ivory trade. The Arab traders of Unyamwezi were perfect gentlemen compared to these Turks whose conduct was inhuman to the last degree. He thoroughly confirms what has been so often repeated of late by various travellers to Gondakoro.

The discovery of this great river springing from two lakes, does certainly confirm the belief that the ancient knowledge of the Nile was more advanced than that of recent times; but the want of circumstantial precision with which the ancient accounts are conveyed, left an impression adverse to their truth. They

stride in one great leap from Khartûm to the sources, without any description of the intervening land, unless we except Strabo's, which is as follows, if we understand it aright. After clearly describing all the Nile, down to the Athâra and Blue River, he says, "But the Astapus is said to be another river which issues out of some lakes in the South, and this river forms nearly the whole of the Nile; it flows in a straight line, and is filled by the summer rains." When we speak of geographical discovery, we rarely, if ever, mean the first sight of what no human eye had previously seen, but the visit of men who could observe geographically, and describe what they saw, so as to leave no obscurity as to their meaning. These conditions had never previously been satisfied as regards the Nile; for geographers, working with the fairest intentions upon the same data, came to diverse conclusions, and no map made by any one of them bore other than a rude and childish resemblance to what is now ascertained to be the truth.

The first person Speke saw when he reached Gondakoro was his old friend Baker, who had just arrived there, bound on a self-planned journey of exploration and of relief to Speke. The interview, to use Speke's own words, intoxicated them both with joy. Baker gave him his return boats, stored with corn, and supplied him with every delicacy he could think of, and thus the journey ended. Mr. Consul Petherick, who had been furnished with £1,000, the proceeds of a private subscription to bear relief to Speke, and who had undertaken to arrive at Gondakoro a year previously, had wholly failed in his mission. Strangely enough, he too arrived at Gondakoro, previous to Speke's departure from that place, but not in a condition to render that success which Baker had so happily and gratuitously afforded.

Gondakoro does not seem to be quite such a desert as Petherick had represented, where Speke must necessarily have starved had no expedition been directed to meet him. On the contrary, a polished Circassian Turk, Koorschid Pasha, had been governor of the place for fourteen months: he instantly gave the travellers a dinner of a fat turkey, concluded with claret and cigars.

Thus closes the tale of a journey that involved a *walk* of 1,300 miles through the equatorial regions of Africa, and has solved almost the only remaining geographical problem of importance. It has been the Matterhorn of the Geographical Society, the grandest feat and the longest delayed. If Speke himself, or Baker, would cross from the Luta Nzigé to the Atlantic, and if some Gregory or Stuart would traverse Western Australia, the great secret chambers of the habitable earth would all be unlocked.

From The N. Y. Evening Post, 10 Nov.

UNITED WE STAND.

THE political life of the Union has reached a crisis, the turn of which will soon indicate its fate. Are we to remain the American nation, or yield to rising powers and be shattered to fragments? If the result depended solely on the issue of a war between North and South it could be predicted with confidence; but other elements must be considered. Political dreams of dominion in Mexico become the basis of the American policy of the French emperor; they have led him to abandon the hereditary and friendly policy of France towards the United States, and to embark in schemes of conquest which he considers inimical to us. He believes that but for the rebellion in the United States his armies would not now be in Mexico, and that if the Union were restored they might not be able to remain there. The emperor, therefore, no longer desires the preservation of the Union which France helped to establish, but is willing to aid in its dissolution, that it may be neutralized and made powerless.

The growth of this new policy has been retarded by the slow progress of the French army; but now that the conquest of Mexico is accomplished (it is so considered), we may look for a rapid development of his new line of conduct toward us. Few men have been deceived by the repeated and strong denials of intention of permanent conquest and territorial aggrandizement which the French proclamations in Mexico have promulgated, but all may not have reflected on the magnitude of the designs intended to be concealed by these denials.

France was once enterprising and successful in colonies, and held vast territories with flourishing settlements in America. The arms of England deprived France of her colonies in the north, and she parted with those in the south and west for a sum of money, and to prevent their falling into English hands. Her fleets not long after were destroyed by her enemies and she was driven from the seas; the long wars of Napoleon I. exhausted her wealth and her people, and she was everywhere beaten in the field. Thus turned back on herself from all points, discouraged and feeble, she has lain for half a century dormant or convalescent. But she has recovered. The great lines of steamers recently established in the Indian Seas and the Atlantic,

and the large additions, show signs of new life and strength, while the condition of England naturally suggests to France that all she wants to raise her commerce and maritime status to the first rank is colonies abroad or larger domain at home.

There is no room, however, for her expansion in Europe; Africa is uncongenial in soil and climate, and Asia is impracticable. America alone remains to tempt the revived ambition of power; internal strife always tempts the ambitious, while it destroys the power of defence and exposes the country to conquest. If the exigencies of the first Napoleon led to the loss of French possessions abroad, why should not the exigencies of others lead the third Napoleon to recover those possessions or their equivalent? Be that as it may, France has recovered her ancient strength, and now contemplates recovering her ancient dominion. Mexico by its geographical position commands two seas; it comprises fertility of soil, and climate and minerals that present the elements of infinite wealth; it is the natural seat of empire terrestrial, maritime and commercial, and, occupied by a military race intelligent and active, and skilled in the industrial arts, should fulfil that destiny. The rebel States of the Union are less favored by nature than Mexico, but absolute government based on slavery, which dishonors labor and drives the ruling race to idleness or to the service of the State, presents a condition of things that has always produced the elements of first-class military powers.

But what interest in common should create sympathy and alliance between the French emperor and the rebellious slaveowners? That question is readily answered. The course of the war in the valley of the Mississippi has resulted in the conquest of that river and its recovery to the Union; it cuts the rebel States in two; it is a line which can be held by gunboats and forts forever; and it is conceded that in a military sense the river commands the whole situation. If the rebel States cannot stand united there is no possibility of a government sustaining itself in either half. The rebel leaders perceive their desperate condition, and their last hope now is in obtaining foreign aid. If it be asked what they can offer in exchange for that aid, the reply is that, should the French emperor propose to recover (to himself) the

ancient boundaries of Mexico, and bring back Texas, New Mexico, and even California, the rebel leaders would not hesitate agreeing to aid in accomplishing it, in consideration of aid to retain or recover the Mississippi and to establish their independence in the large territory still left them? Would that scheme be impracticable? The alliance of ambition with despair is common; it is always formidable and often successful. That the rebel agents are now pressing this plan there is no room to doubt; it is openly spoken of in Paris, and even advocated by men in position whose language is often but the premonition of the coming imperial policy; and indeed the language of circumstances all around confirms this interpretation.

With such neighbors established on our southern and western borders, and others scarcely less sympathetic on the north, the preservation of the institutions we cherish would become impossible; the Union, with its great domain and small army, its large dependence and light taxes, its unequalled prosperity and just hopes, must pass away. We must shrink to small territorial limits and accept stringent institutions adapted for military defence; we must bear up with a load of debt and taxes, while deprived of the room for recovery and growth. The Republic would thus continue to exist, but only because it had been shattered by mutual jealousies or the contempt of powerful neighbors.

Even patriotic men who appreciate their country and desire to preserve it, persist in doing that which leads to sure destruction. In presence of the enemy and in the midst of a war to suppress the rebellion against the government, they insist on retaining their usual license in criticising and condemning the government in whose support lies their only chance of success. They do this hastily, and of necessity upon a one-sided and partial knowledge of facts which is incompatible with a sound and safe opinion. They appear to be frantic with fear that if for a moment they cease speaking they will lose their freedom of speech, and, rather than submit to a self-imposed and discreet silence for a time, they prefer to risk the permanent loss of the Union.

They do not so much charge the government with dishonesty, as incompetency. There is nothing novel or alarming in the

discovery that a government appears unequal to its work—especially if it has something useful and important to do. It is rather a common spectacle at all times and in all countries, and the complaint need only excite a smile if the gravity of the occasion would admit of it. Was there ever, indeed, a government or cabinet, thwarted at every step by open and secret treason, while struggling with the fluctuating events of a rebellion, that was not pronounced by the hasty and impatient, incompetent?

There may, indeed, be indications of incompetence, but judgment which is formed after the events should be cautious and lenient, and before all, be careful not to be misled by illusive appearances. It is observable in these times that the results of industry, art, and genius have so augmented the elements of national power, both physical and moral, among the chief nations, that individual men are dwarfed by the contrast. No man and no cabinet, in any country, probably, is able at the present time to wield those vast elements so as to produce the utmost results of which they are capable. During the Crimean war the experienced and able government of England looked feeble in comparison with the magnitude of its task, and the enormous resources of the nation at the disposal of the government, in excess of its ability to manage them, ran to waste.

If the government of Mr. Lincoln, standing in the immediate presence of the great events it has to deal with and the great elements it has to wield, presents to the ardent and impatient the usual discouraging contrast, what is the remedy? Other men in their place would present the same contrast. There is but one remedy, and that is unity; the real power of the government is in proportion to the support of the people; the union of the nation with the executive is the only method of rendering the ability and capacity of the individual men composing the government equal to national emergencies. Let every man submit to the necessities of the occasion, suppress personal and party animosities, rebuke hostile criticism, accept the demands and policy of the government and yield it a cordial and generous support. Drive the enemy from the door, dispel the dreams of imperial ambition and re-affirm the boundaries of the republic; there will then be opportunity for the inferior work of discussing party policy and adjusting the distribution of place and power.